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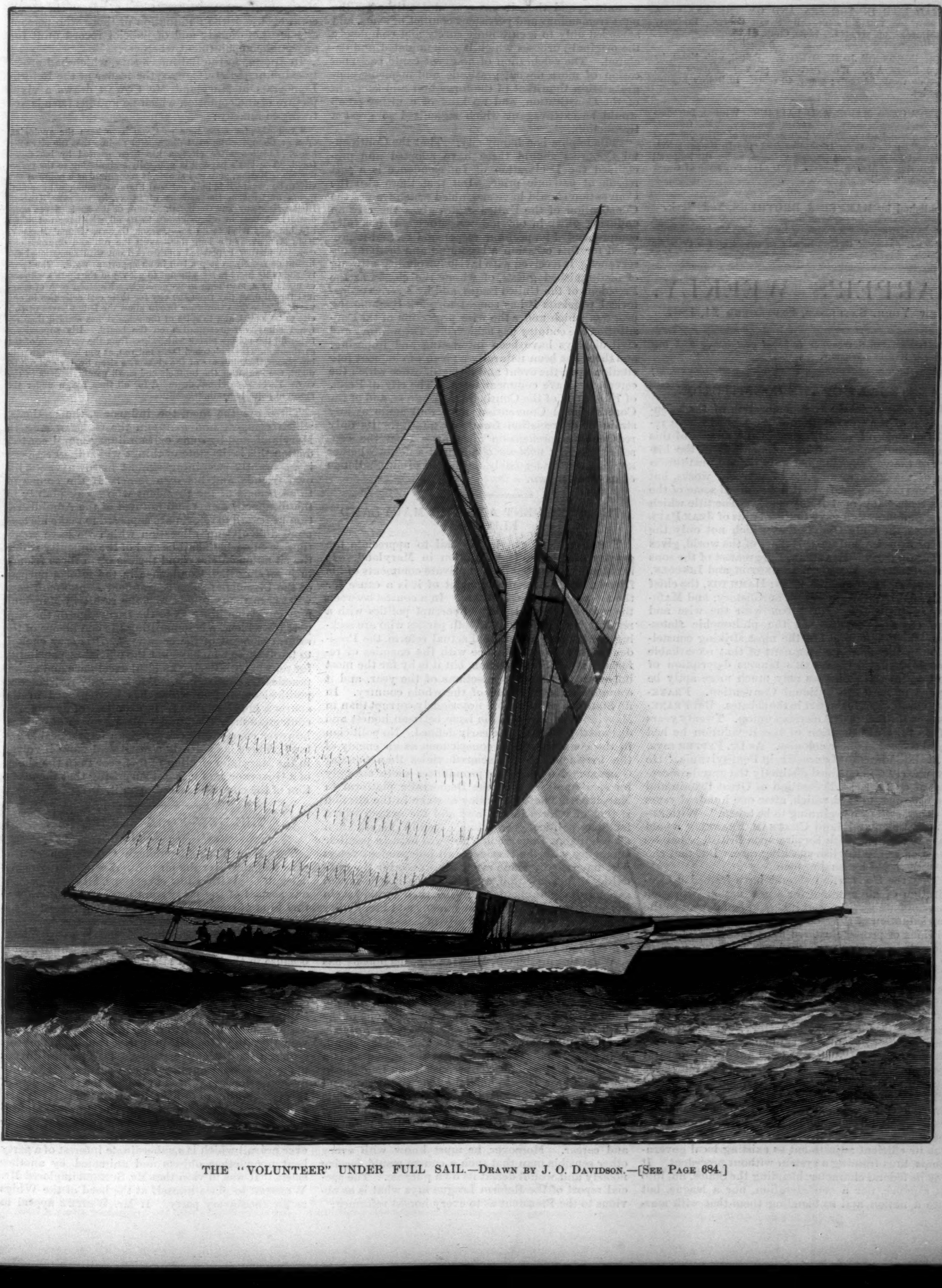

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 24, 1887.

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CENTENARY OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THE ceremonies in commemoration of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States recall the most interesting event in the annals of this country, and one of the most important in the history of the world. But not only is the Constitution one of the most memorable of political works, but the Convention that framed it contained some of the most remarkable men of any epoch. The title which German admiration gave to the genius of Jean Paul Richter, the Only One, is that which not only the love of America, but the reverence of the world, gives to Washington. Franklin, the greatest of the sons of the Puritans, is, with Washington and Lincoln, the most eminent of Americans; Hamilton, the chief organizing political genius of our history, and Madison, supplementing Hamilton with the wise and comprehensive forecast of the philosophic statesman—these four were but the most striking constellation in the shining firmament of that remarkable assembly. Lord Chatham's famous description of the Continental Congress may much more aptly be applied to the Constitutional Convention. Franklin, indeed, took little part in the debates. But Franklin was the father of American union. Twenty years before the Confederation of the Revolution he had urged the union of the colonies. As Dr. Pepper says, in his late address at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, "He saw clearly and outlined distinctly the grand conception of an Imperial Federation of Great Britain and the Colonies, toward which, after one hundred years of delay, steps are beginning to be taken." With Edmund Burke and Lord Chatham, Franklin would have made the British Empire upon British principles as broad as the English-speaking race. But that empire was ruled by smaller men.

That the Convention should have framed a Constitution of government for a new nation with such consummate wisdom that it should be adapted to the untried union of thirteen jealous colonies, with three millions of people clustered upon the Atlantic coast, and exhausted by a prolonged war, and after a century of unparalleled change and progress in every form of human activity, and every kind of development of human thought and knowledge, should be equally suited to a national union of thirty-seven States with sixty millions of people covering a continent from sea to sea, is the miracle of history. It was not, indeed, an unprecedented instrument, nor, as it is sometimes represented to be, was it a kind of supernatural creation. As Professor Johnstone points out in the current number of the *Princeton Review*, its general principles and division of powers were familiar in the State Constitutions. The general scheme had been tested practically in simple political communities like the States. But the distinction of the Constitution was its efficient adjustment to existing local governments, thus framing a system without precedent. It was its federal character, blending the States, not into an alliance, nor a confederation, nor a league, but into a nation, and so blending them that with marvellous elasticity it has adapted itself to this unprecedented growth and development of the Union, which constitutes the marvel. But that such a Constitution and government, whose prosperity depended so largely upon the original practical impulse it should receive, should be first organized, interpreted, and administered by Washington, Marshall, and Hamilton, is a felicity so extraordinary that Americans might well believe with the sons of Israel of old that they are the chosen people of Jehovah. It is not surprising that such an instrument should be regarded with a reverence that might seem superstitious. Yet that reverence has been the spring of the most fortunate conservatism, for it has made amendment almost impossible. The original bond was, indeed, essentially untouched for more than three-quarters of a century, and then it was amended only after the most tremendous and persistent conflict of arms, and amended only to secure more surely and completely the original purposes which it contemplated and declared. The celebration of no event could be an occasion of more devout gratitude and inspiring congratulation than that of the formation and adoption of the Constitution, and no kind of exulting pomp would be extravagant which signalized so great a transaction.

Philadelphia is a happy city. That the Continental Congress should there have adopted and proclaimed the Declaration of Independence is a just reason of patriotic pride. But that there also the Convention should have assembled which framed the Constitution of the United States gives the city an enduring glory in our national story. It has fully comprehended its peculiar responsibility, and it provided for this occasion a becoming and brilliant observance. It received with lavish hospitality a throng of distinguished guests, of whom the chief was the President of the United States, and by a series of historical pageants it has sought to mark the amazing progress which under the wise protection of the Constitution the country has achieved. The military and civil displays have been interesting and imposing, and there has been naturally a pæan of eloquent felicitation upon the event and its significance which the ceremonies have commemorated. The city of Penn, of Franklin, of the Continental Congress, and of the Constitutional Convention may well smile at any strain of depreciation from any quarter. Its only reasonable apprehension must arise from the consciousness that *noblesse oblige*, and a doubt whether any city could adequately sustain the proud challenge of its own renown.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE MARYLAND ELECTION.

The President can hardly fail to appreciate the gravity of the political situation in Maryland. It is reflected in the public and private comments of his friends, and the mere statement of it is a cause for the most serious consideration. In a contest between the most notorious leaders of corrupt politics with a resolute body of citizens of both parties who are seeking honest government and actual reform, the President is in apparent alliance with the enemies of reform. It is a State election, but it is by far the most important of the State elections of the year, and it commands the attention of the whole country. In no State are politics more notoriously corrupt than in Maryland; nowhere is the issue between honest and dishonest politics more clearly defined. No politician in the country is more conspicuous as an enemy of the President's often-declared views than Senator Gorman. No platform pronounces more strongly for spoils politics than the Democratic platform in Maryland. The only policy at stake in the election is that of reform in the laws and the system which facilitate political corruption. And in this situation all intelligent Democrats who have been in peculiar sympathy with the President, all independent voters who have gladly made every allowance for the difficulties of his situation, and who have not permitted serious disappointments to disturb their confidence in his sincerity, see with astonishment and incredulity that he is the protector and ally of Senator Gorman against his own principles and against the Democrats who sustain them in this controversy.

What this mystery in Maryland means nobody has authoritatively explained. Why an Administration which retains Mr. Pearson in New York, and so maintains there a citadel of reform, and which appoints Mr. Saltonstall in Massachusetts, one of the most upright of men and stanchest of reformers, should hold fast by the Gorman ring in Maryland, is inexplicable. The theory that the President is a reformer in Massachusetts because it is a Republican State and he wishes to hold the Mugwump vote, and a spoilsman in Maryland because it is a Democratic State and he wishes to hold the Democratic vote, would be plausible in the case of another man, but it is not consistent with the President's character and career. Moreover, he must know with every other sensible man that such a course would deceive nobody and would defeat its own purpose. The special report of the Reform League says what is as obvious to the President as to every honest reformer:

> "The course of the Administration upon this subject must be regarded as a whole. In the view of reform there is no New England, no Maryland, no Indiana. There is but one national service distributed through many States, and sound principle demands the same conduct in Mississippi as in Maine. The action which degrades the public service into party or private spoils in one State discredits the Administration in every State. It cannot ask to be judged by its good appointments unless they are manifestly the rule of its conduct. A good appointment in Massachusetts cannot offset a bad appointment in Missouri, nor the general excellence of selections in one State atone for palpable disregard of excellence in another."

Undoubtedly, in a State where there is little interest in reform or knowledge of reform methods, it is more difficult to find a person for the head of a public office who will carry out reform. But in every such State there are but a very few heads of offices to be appointed, and a few suitable persons can be certainly found. Nor can this want of interest and of persons be pleaded in excuse of the nomination of those who personally are notoriously and of judicial record unfit for any public appointment whatever.

In a letter to the Baltimore *Sun*, which had grossly calumniated Mr. Cowan, the leader of the Reform Democrats in Maryland, Mr. Cowan draws a vivid picture of the condition which he and his friends are trying to remedy:

> "And now, for some time past, you have been the apologist, open or silent, for the most disgraceful régime that the city ever knew. Election after election has been carried by barefaced fraud. The city's pay-roll is gradually assimilating to the police records. Murder, pure and simple, is recognized as a political service to be rewarded in both national, State, and municipal appointments of trust in the persons of Busey, Buchheimer, Koenig, Burke, Kennedy, and Goodrich. Think of the list! Seven murderers! A host of others known to us all, who have not taken life, but only tried to do so—Owings, Carter, 'Butch' Murphy, Mike Murphy, and a long line—swell the roll and disgrace our city. A murder is planned and carried out with sensational deliberation merely to stop a bolt in an important ward. The 'party' shows its hand in the attempt to get rid of the State's witnesses made by a man high in its counsels. Nineteen men of criminal record draw pay from the city for their evil activities in one ward. Twice does Governor Lloyd allow the ballot-boxes of this city to be looted, and in spite of the scandal has a third time refused minority representation on the board. His supervisors twice fill the polling places with judges from the very scum of the earth—men whose bleached faces tell you, as you look in the polling places, that they are of the class who sleep by day and not by night, the spawn of the brothels and small gambling dens of the city. Three supervisors, degraded for all time, resign under the storm of popular wrath."

These are the men, the influences, the methods, which compose and maintain the Gorman ring in Maryland, and by some extraordinary moral contradiction this is the state of things which the President is apparently sustaining against his own views, his own friends, and his own fame. If the course of those friends of the President who speak plainly of the disappointments and failures of the Administration in regard to reform are supposed to make his task more difficult—an allegation which we have sometimes seen—what shall be said of the difficulty which the situation in Maryland throws upon those friends in justifying their confidence in the reform purpose of the President? The Springfield *Republican* says what is in many minds, that the result in Maryland may enlighten him "as to the true value of the support for which he is imperilling the confidence of the reform element of the country." It is easy enough to taunt those who have not the official responsibility for reform with urging an ideal excellence and an impracticable consistency. But is sturdy resistance to political corruption which has been proved in the courts a hopeless ideal? Is dismissal of agents who contemptuously flout and violate express directions, however courteously conveyed, an impracticable virtue? There is evidently a great deal more involved in the Maryland election of this year than the choice of a Governor, and it is not surprising that the attention of the country is fixed upon it.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The New York Republican Convention of this year was noted for the large number of distinguished delegates. With a few exceptions, all the conspicuous leaders of the party were present, and there was that kind of common understanding in regard to the wishes of certain men, or, in other words, bargains, which in political parlance is known as harmony. If the harmony of a great purpose was wanting, it is because in the present situation neither party represents a principle or a policy which arouses enthusiasm. The question which comes nearest to producing that feeling is administrative reform. But with both parties that is subsidiary. Nothing could be wiser or more earnest than ex-President White's advice that the Republican party should make this question its distinctive policy. But parties do not make questions; questions make parties. It is only necessary for Mr. White to look at the real leaders of this Convention in order to see that the party is not, and without a change as radical as it is improbable cannot become in good faith, a reform party as it was by creation an antislavery party. No great policy will ever prevail which is a subordinate interest of a party bent upon other objects and animated by another spirit. It was in vain that Mr. Sumner implored Mr. Webster to place himself at the head of the Whigs as an antislavery party. If Mr. White's appeal to

Mr. Conkling failed, would an appeal to Mr. Platt be more successful?

The platform of the Convention "arraigns" the Democratic party for utter legislative incompetence, and the Democratic Executive for hypocrisy. This is the solemn and routine part of all platforms. Specifically the Convention declares that changes in the tariff should be made by the friends of protection, and not "in the interest of free-trade propagandists," and that taxation should be adjusted to a revenue adequate for wise and economic government, for the payment of the public debt, for the development of national resources, and for national defence, and reductions should be so made as not to impair the prosperity of home industries. The declaration upon the reform of the civil service is entirely unmeaning, and therefore perfectly honest, and it should show to Republicans who hold that this question is of pressing importance the hopelessness of expecting reform from the party as at present controlled. The temperance plank recommends local option by counties, towns, and cities, and restriction by taxation where local option does not absolutely prohibit. Mr. Crosby's substitute of the principle of high license or tax for the State was laughed down.

The nomination of Colonel Grant for Secretary of State was made by acclamation amid general enthusiasm. The other nominations provoked little contest. There was total and significant silence in the Convention upon the Presidential nomination of next year. To offset the impression of this silence the *Tribune* says that Mr. Blaine seemed to be the favorite with the delegates. But they thought best to say nothing of their preference. The evident feeling was that the canvass of this year would proceed more prosperously without entangling committals. The general result is that the new machine is represented by Mr. Platt, Mr. Morton, and Mr. Cornell, who control almost completely the new State Committee. Whether the significance of that control will commend the party more warmly to the confidence of the intelligent voters of the State will be shown by the result of the election.

MARCHING ON.

Collector Saltonstall, of Boston, a Democrat who holds the chief national administrative office in New England, in speaking of the civil service reform law, says, "I consider that the very existence of this republic depends upon this or a better law," and he adds that if it should be repealed and the old spoils system be restored with the public consent, he should resign his office. At the same time General C. C. Andrews, of Minnesota, a Republican, and late Minister of the United States to Sweden, has published a vigorous pamphlet upon reform as an issue in the next Presidential canvass, which discusses the subject with a lucidity and force that make the little work a powerful argument for the good cause.

General Andrews cites the admirable results of the existing law as a conclusive reason for enlarging the scope of its application. He would have the principle apply to most of the officers who are now appointed by the President, and upon whom a very large part of the places in the civil service depend. There has been no more conclusive justification of the principle that civil officers in all branches of the service should abstain from taking an active part in politics than the remarks of General Andrews upon that point. He disposes conclusively of the assertion that to restrain such activity is to disfranchise a citizen by reminding the reader that a man in office, whether civil or military, has to give up many rights. Both the Constitution and the laws deprive the office-holder of many rights which other citizens enjoy. General Andrews would regulate the Executive power of removal, or the one-man power, by requiring some record of cause, as a remedy of a monstrous abuse.

This admirable pamphlet of a Western Republican, with the frank and bold statement of an Eastern Democratic public officer, shows how strong a hold the question has taken of the public mind. The Democrat says that it is a cardinal issue. The Republican says, "The Republican party must either show an honest purpose to abolish the spoils system and the worse than kingly one-man power which it fosters, or be prepared for another defeat." We submit that the honest purpose can be best shown, not in a platform declaration, but in the practical enforcement of reform wherever the party has control, and we submit further that it is not now shown under those circumstances.

FIRE-PROOF THEATRES.

The recent appalling calamity at the Exeter Theatre in England is but one of a constantly increasing and terrible list of warnings against the theatre as now constructed. In this country the legislation that follows the frequent similar disasters requires various devices of supposed safety, but there is but one theatre in New York in which the cry of fire could be raised without producing a deadly panic. That theatre is the Metropolitan Opera-house, which is known to be practically fire-proof.

If one theatre can be so built, all theatres may be, and in view of the experience of the last few years is there any good reason why all theatres should not be so built? The cost of construction would be larger, but much might be saved in the cost of decoration, and the conscious security would be beyond price. No ingenious contrivance of exit could avail in a panic, and it is comical to read that since the Exeter disaster Mr. Henry Irving announces that in his Lyceum Theatre men are stationed to point out the readiest escape. The point to be secured is the prevention of panic, and panic can be obviated only by the knowledge that there is really no danger; not that when there is danger if everybody will keep cool and act reasonably, the house can be emptied in ten minutes.

The proper construction of theatres is a question which tests the public intelligence. The triumph of the popular system is shown often in the popular restraint of a popular impulse, and in the willingness to require a common expense and sacrifice for the common benefit. There must be amusement, and there will be theatres. But if a community is wise, it will forbid the erection of theatres which are not practically fire-proof, because tragical experience has demonstrated that the most shocking catastrophes are otherwise unavoidable. There is really no argument so strong as the simple statement of the case. Hereafter the erection of no theatre should be allowed in New York which is not practically fire-proof.

THE STORY OF A FLAG.

On the 20th of April, 1864, the flag of the 16th Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers was captured at Plymouth, North Carolina. The soldier who bore it was taken prisoner by G. M. Williams, a private in the Montgomery True Blues, now Company D of the 2d Alabama Regiment, and the bearer begged to cut off a piece of the flag to carry with him as a momento, to which request Mr. Williams, sympathizing with the soldierly feeling, assented. The flag was sent to Montgomery, and when that city was occupied by General Wilson and the Union troops, it was misplaced, and was forgotten in the subsequent excitement. A few weeks since it was found, and presented by the captor to the 2d Alabama Regiment, and on the 6th of September, "in accordance with the unanimous wish of officers and men, and with Mr. Williams's hearty consent, it is now returned to the brave men who so long and bravely bore it in battle."

The flag was forwarded by express to the Governor of Connecticut, with the following letter:

"Head-quarters Second Regiment Alabama State Troops,
"Montgomery, Alabama, *September 6*, 1887.

"*To His Excellency the Governor of Connecticut, Hartford, Connecticut:*

"Sir,—In behalf of this regiment I have the honor, through you, to restore to the survivors of the 16th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers their State colors, captured at Plymouth, North Carolina, nearly a quarter of a century ago. The slip pinned to the flag gives the circumstances of its capture by G. M. Williams, Esq., then a member of the Montgomery True Blues, a company from this place. If, at times, when the heat of the struggle between millions of countrymen of the same race had not yet died away, there came the thought to keep these colors as a trophy, it perished with the years in the better thought that those who bore this banner, like its captors, dared all and suffered all in defence of liberty and country as taught them by their fathers, and that the Providence which decreed and ended the strife had for the valor it evoked a nobler mission than cherishing memoirs of triumph of brother over brother, to wound their children in their onward march along a common path of destiny. Restored to its defenders, this banner will tell now of peace, not strife, as thronging and tender memories come back to those who loved it. At the sight of its worn folds in its old home it will recall no ignoble thought or passion, and will bind the men who bore it more strongly to foes of other days, who, leaving the past to God and history, are now fellow-citizens and co-workers for the prosperity and glory of a common country.

"I have the honor to be, Governor, with great respect,
"Your obedient servant,
"Thomas G. Jones, Colonel, etc."

This is a fine illustration of the nobility and generosity of the American soldier, a manly and admirable expression of what we are all proud to believe to be American character. It is a striking contrast to recent utterances of some other Americans, who insist upon stigmatizing the officers and men of the Alabama regiment as rebels, and who seem to suppose that by such a cry they can array one section of the country against another.

AN AMERICAN ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The project of a great Roman Catholic University in Washington, requiring a sum of $8,000,000 to build it and place it upon a proper basis, is significant mainly as a scheme of religious proselytism, not as a promise of greater stimulus and ampler means for liberal study or sound and comprehensive scholarship. In a brief approving the university Pope Leo says:

> "The unlimited license of thought and of writing to which erroneous notions concerning both divine and human things have given rise, not only in Europe, but also in your country, has been the root and source of unbridled opinions; while on the other hand, with religion banished to a great extent from the schools, wicked men audaciously strive by the craft of fallacious wisdom to extinguish the light of faith in the minds of the young, and to enkindle therein the flames of irreligion. Wherefore it is necessary that youth be nourished more carefully with sound doctrine, and that those young men especially who are being educated for the Church should be fully armed to fit them for the task of defending Catholic truth."

Such a view is fatal to the true purpose of a university, which is necessarily not Catholic, nor Protestant, nor sectarian in any way, but whose object is truth and knowledge as its minister. All knowledge is its province, not to serve any predetermined conclusion, but to train the human mind to explore the pathless realms of higher intelligence. A school which is designed to train men to defend certain religious dogmas may be a very useful and desirable institution, and may graduate very accomplished casuists and dialecticians. But it is in no proper sense a university. For a certain thoroughness of drill and discipline in study the Catholic schools are often excellent. But in the degree in which the ecclesiastical purpose becomes more pronounced their value as schools of education declines.

The Pope's condemnation of the American common schools as irreligious because they teach no denominational religious doctrine is based upon a totally unsound view of the common school. There could be no greater misfortune than the separation of American children into sectarian schools, the primary object of which should be their sectarian training in religion. Instead of a community in which religious freedom assures peace and order, there would be a state in which religious differences were intensified and embittered into a constant menace of the general good understanding. No intelligent man could suppose that a great Roman Catholic University in Washington would be a school of true American citizenship, or feeling, or purpose, as he could not believe that the assault upon our common schools as "godless" is made in the interest of American liberty and progress, and not in that of the Roman hierarchy.

THE ELEVATED RAILROADS.

Mayor Hewitt's constant and vigorous inquiry into the condition of the city, the invasion of the rights of citizens, and the usurpation of powers by individuals and corporations has led him to submit to the Corporation Counsel certain questions in regard to the elevated railroads. In the reply of the counsel it is alleged that they have exceeded their rights in placing stations and side tracks, and in selling tobacco and newspapers upon public property. The Mayor proposes no immediate action, but he is ascertaining facts that he may be qualified to suggest remedies if he decides that it is necessary to resort to action.

In many ways, such as extending stairways into side streets, erecting third tracks, using iron in constructing stations and stairways, and permitting signs upon the station structures, the companies have apparently transcended their authority. The counsel of the Manhattan Company says that the limits of this authority have been undergoing careful scrutiny, and that most of the questions which the city could raise could be raised also by private individuals, and that, in fact, several of them have been so raised, and decided by the courts in favor of the roads.

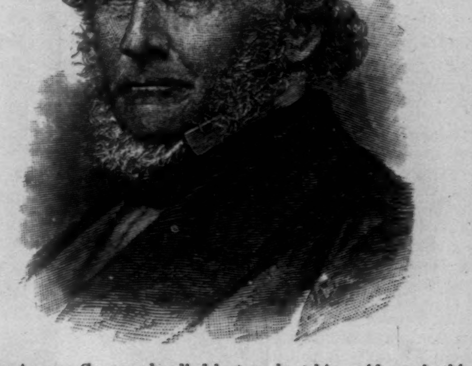
Meanwhile the rights of the city and of citizens have no friend unless the Mayor asserts himself on their behalf, and the good-nature of the public would acquiesce in the most arrant impositions and usurpations, upon the theory that the rascally Legislature had probably authorized whatever the companies might choose to do. In observing the intelligent vigilance of Mayor Hewitt the mournful questions obtrude themselves: who will be his successor? and how can the city secure permanently so conscientious and efficient a discharge of duty?

PERSONAL.

Mr. W. D. Howells's house, on "the water side of Beacon Street, Boston, has been purchased by Edwin Booth, and presented by him to his daughter, Edwina Booth Grossman.

—Colonel Andrew Jackson, a son of the adopted son of Old Hickory, is now a man of fifty years of age. Colonel Jackson is a graduate of West Point, and was in the regular army when the civil war broke out. He resigned to join the Confederate army, and at the time of the fall of Vicksburg had charge of the defences along the Mississippi.

—Dr. William A. Hammond has just been making a scientific examination of Jay Gould's head. For this purpose he has used a very delicate instrument (the invention of a former professor of Harvard College, who now lives in England), which is said to tell the variations of the temperature of the head, and prove incipient paralysis and other diseases of the brain with unerring accuracy. Mr. Gould's head bore the examination well, and is pronounced to be in perfect condition.



—Dr. Alonzo Clark, who died last week at his residence in this city, was one of the teaching faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons for nearly forty years. He died in his eighty-first year, and his advanced age did not prevent his being resorted to for consultation in critical cases. He was for a long time visiting physician to Bellevue Hospital, President of the Board of Visiting Physicians of St. Luke's, and consulting physician to the North-eastern Dispensary. No man stood higher in the estimation of his professional associates, and none has done more to further the progress of medical science during the last half-century.

—Rev. Joseph Parker prefers to preach from a pulpit rather than from a platform. On a platform he says a man's legs are painfully conspicuous, and his boots have a mean look. "How," he asks, "can a man do a retail trade without a counter?" By pulpits he means "little wooden structures, shaped like a wine-glass."

—Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan, the banker, is erecting a memorial chapel and library to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tracy, his wife's deceased father and mother. This building stands on Sixteenth Street, New York city, in the rear of St. George's Episcopal Church. It is built of brown stone, and while it is not particularly striking from an architectural point of view, it is handsome and substantial.

—Madame Blavatsky, of Theosophical fame, explains that the title of her forth-coming periodical, *Lucifer*, is neither profane nor Satanic. It is the Latin Lucifer, the light-bearer, the morning-star, and was a Christian name of early times, borne even by one of the Popes.

—Chevreul, the French *savant*, has just celebrated his one-hundred-and-first birthday. When asked the secret of his longevity, he replied: "There is no secret; there can be no rule of life; what is good for one may not be good for another. We must study what is best for us individually. For example, my parents lived to be more than ninety years old, and they drank wine; from my childhood wine has been disagreeable to me. Like Locke and Newton, I have never cared for any beverage but water, and yet I am president of the Wine Society of Anjou."

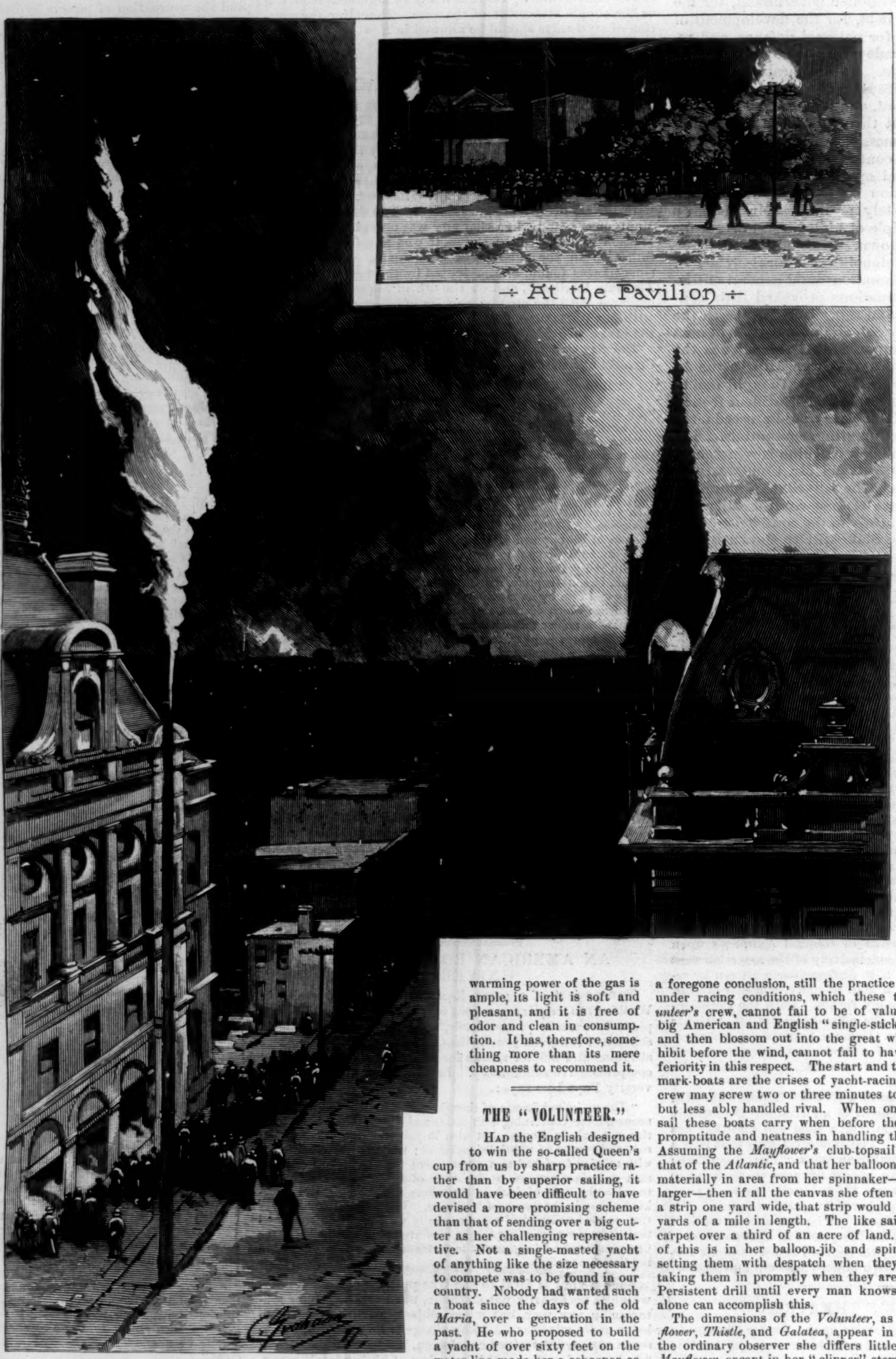
NATURAL GAS IN TOLEDO.

THE city of Toledo, Ohio, celebrated on the evening of September 7th the great good fortune which she enjoys in the possession of a bountiful supply of natural gas. Nine stand-pipes scattered through the city were lighted at nightfall. The roaring of the gas through them was compared by one of the orators of the occasion to the roar of Niagara. The blaze illuminated the country for miles around, and was visible at Fremont and Detroit. It is estimated that twenty thousand people were gathered in Memorial Hall Square to listen to the speeches. The orator of the evening was ex-President **RUTHERFORD B. HAYES**, and ex-Governor **ASHLEY** and Mayor **HAMILTON** of Toledo were among the other speakers.

Mr. **HAYES** considered in his address the effect that the possession of natural gas would have upon the growth of Toledo, and the probabilities in regard to the endurance of the supply. Without the assistance of natural gas the growth of the city has been fairly rapid. In 1860 the population was 13,000, in 1870 it was 31,000, in 1880 it was 40,000, and it is estimated that Toledo contains upward of 80,000 inhabitants at the present time. With the aid of natural gas as a fuel, manufacturing can be carried on at a cost one-third less than that which would have to be paid without it, and a city situated amid vast reservoirs of this inexpensive material, and having at the same time the facilities of railroad and water transportation which Toledo enjoys, should speedily attract a very great and valuable population.

Mr. **HAYES** read an interesting letter from Professor **EDWARD ORTON**, State Geologist in Ohio, concerning the length of time the natural gas may be expected to endure. This is a matter concerning which nobody, of course, can speak with absolute authority. "No one knows whether the gas which the earth is freely giving out in Pennsylvania and Indiana and Ohio to-day will still be flowing one hundred years from now, or whether it will cease to-morrow. There are reasons for thinking, however, Professor **ORTON** believes, that the Ohio and Indiana gas fields will endure longer than those elsewhere. Certainly natural gas has "come to stay long enough to show to the world the immense advantage and unapproachable excellence of gaseous fuel, and to emphasize and render practical the demand that science long ago began to urge, viz., that fuel should be thrown into the aeriform state before it is used." But the gas has "not come to stay long enough," the professor continues, "to make the careless or wanton waste of its accumulations a matter of indifference to us. It is stored power. It is not being produced in the earth as fast as it is used, the real-estate geologists to the contrary notwithstanding. The world is old. What has not been done already in the way of its production will not be done in time to be of any use to mankind. . . .The treatment that this noble fuel has received from its discoverers is not creditable to their intelligence, and, I might add, to their consciences. The roar of its escaping torrents rivals Niagara, and the glare of its useless conflagrations could be seen from the moon. Ingenuity has been taxed in finding means to get rid of it the most rapidly. It is time for all this to stop."

Another of the speakers brought out the idea of the great superiority of natural gas as a fuel for house warming and for cooking. As a means of house warming, it was declared, neither coal nor wood can compare with it. Coal used in open fires is abominable on account of its ashes and its dust, and wood in a less degree for the same reason. Even when these agents are used in a stove their dust and ashes are not entirely avoided, and what the stove offers of advantage in the way of superior cleanliness is more than counterbalanced by the stoppage of chimney ventilation, and by the dry, baked air with which it fills a room. The gas preserves the open draughty way through the chimney, and at the same time is free of the smut and litter which are shed over the furniture of a room by burning coal or wood. Particularly baneful to delicate objects of art and to fine upholstery are the precipitations from the soft coal, which has been the common fuel in Western Pennsylvania and the region in which Toledo is situated. If the advent of natural gas meant merely an escape from the nuisance of bituminous coal, people who had been dependent upon such coal would feel almost warranted in setting apart a day for rejoicing. The warming power of the gas is ample, its light is soft and pleasant, and it is free of odor and clean in consumption. It has, therefore, something more than its mere cheapness to recommend it.



THE EXHIBITION OF NATURAL GAS ILLUMINATION AT TOLEDO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

THE "VOLUNTEER."

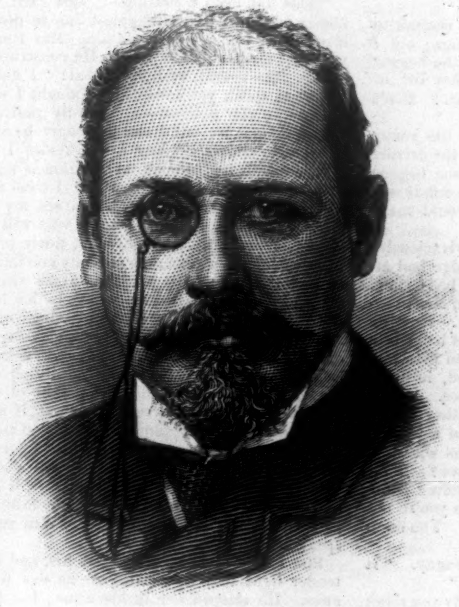
HAD the English designed to win the so-called Queen's cup from us by sharp practice rather than by superior sailing, it would have been difficult to have devised a more promising scheme than that of sending over a big cutter as her challenging representative. Not a single-masted yacht of anything like the size necessary to compete was to be found in our country. Nobody had wanted such a boat since the days of the old *Maria*, over a generation in the past. He who proposed to build a yacht of over sixty feet on the water-line made her a schooner as a matter of course. Not only had we nothing to pit against such a vessel, but no designer in the country had had any experience in constructing sloop yachts of the required size. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that the challenge of the *Genesta* was received with an approach to dismay. Some talked of abandoning the cup without a contest, while others approached the owner of the schooner yacht *Grayling* to induce him to convert her into a sloop. It was a troublous time for the American yachtsman. The idea of surrendering the cup without a contest proved to be intolerable. Something must be built especially to meet the *Genesta*, though that involved the expenditure of forty or fifty thousand dollars and the probability of defeat as the only reward. But as a people we have the Anglo-Saxon fashion of rising to a crisis. The necessary money was speedily forth-coming, and that the chances of failure might be lessened, two boats by different designers were constructed, the *Puritan* and *Priscilla*. The former of these saved the cup.

The next year brought over the challenge of another cutter, the *Galatea*, said to be faster than the *Genesta*. The owner and designer of the *Puritan* responded with another boat, the *Mayflower*, which made their names household words throughout the land, and again saved the cup.

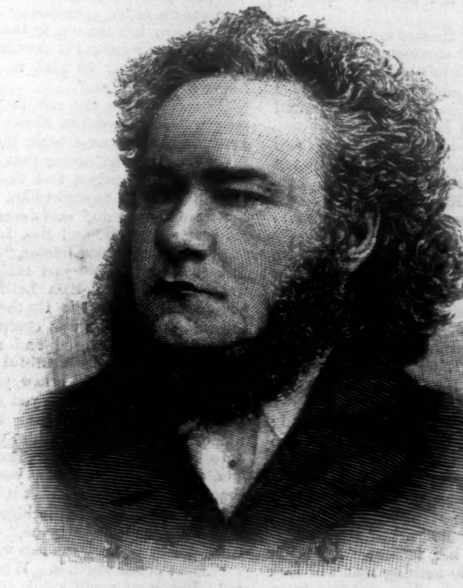
And now comes into our waters the Scotch keel sloop *Thistle*, probably the most formidable antagonist we have yet had to meet. But if we regard her with some apprehension, it may also be with pride. She was planned after a special visit to this country by her designer for the study of our yachts, and is, as all but the cutter cranks insist, an American keel sloop in hull and rig, and in every other feature except the place of her birth and the flag she flies. Again the original owner and designer of the *Puritan* and *Mayflower* have responded with a new boat, the steel sloop *Volunteer*. The art of modelling yachts has at last reached such perfection that it is rather the rig than the form of the hull which remains the doubtful element. The perfection of model, unless the mast (or masts) is stepped in the proper place, and the sails are well cut, stretched, and balanced, will perform like a tub. It is for this reason that yachts seldom do their best during their first season. It is a period of experiment, spent in endeavoring to make certain these uncertainties by the (at least in the present state of the art) only sure method—actual trial. The *Volunteer* has proved an exception to this rule. From the first time she spread her wings to the breeze until to-day she has surprised and delighted all interested in her, and that means all American yachtsmen. That she is the fastest of our big sloops no one questions. Not only has she the intrinsic merit, but she is in hands competent to give that merit full opportunity to manifest itself, and may be relied on, barring bad luck—a powerful factor in yacht-racing—and accident, to lead the way to another victory. Public opinion, as well as the action of the authorities, has named her as the *Thistle's* antagonist. Some even insisted that the customary trial races were quite unnecessary. Even though the result might be a foregone conclusion, still the practice in handling racing sails under racing conditions, which these trial races gave the *Volunteer's* crew, cannot fail to be of value. He who has seen the big American and English "single-stickers" round the light-ship, and then blossom out into the great white cloud which they exhibit before the wind, cannot fail to have noticed our marked inferiority in this respect. The start and the rounding of the various mark-boats are the crises of yacht-racing, for then really a smart crew may screw two or three minutes to the good out of a faster but less ably handled rival. When one remembers the mass of sail these boats carry when before the wind, the advantage of promptitude and neatness in handling their light sails is manifest. Assuming the *Mayflower's* club-topsail to be the same size as that of the *Atlantic*, and that her balloon jib-topsail does not differ materially in area from her spinnaker—it is doubtless somewhat larger—then if all the canvas she often carries at one time was in a strip one yard wide, that strip would measure within seventeen yards of a mile in length. The like sails of the *Volunteer* would carpet over a third of an acre of land. As more than one-third of this is in her balloon-jib and spinnaker, the advantage of setting them with despatch when they will be efficient, and of taking them in promptly when they are a drawback, is apparent. Persistent drill until every man knows his station and his duty alone can accomplish this.

The dimensions of the *Volunteer*, as compared with the *Mayflower*, *Thistle*, and *Galatea*, appear in the following table. To the ordinary observer she differs little in appearance from the *Mayflower*, except in her "clipper" stem and very narrow stern.

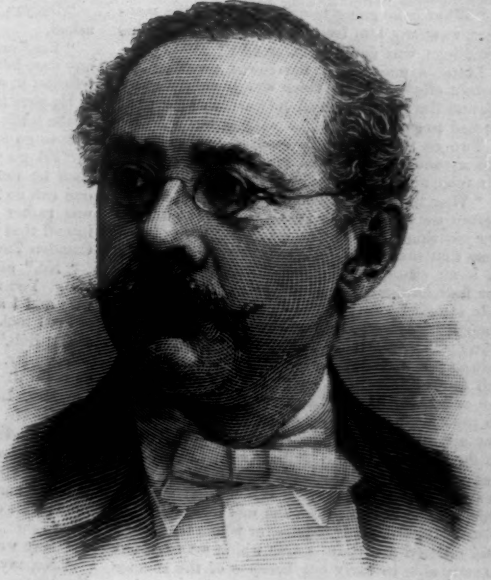
Parts of the Vessel.	Volunteer.	Mayflower.	Thistle.	Galatea.
Length over all	107.0	100.0	106.10	100.6
Length on water-line	85.10	85.0	85.0	86.10
Beam	23.2	23.6⅛	20.3	15
Beam at water-line	22.3	22.3	20	15
Depth of hold	10.6	10.0	14.2	13.3
Draught	10.9	10.0	13.8	13·6
Area midship section	96	92	115	125
Mid-section from bow	0.60	0.60	.....	.....
Mast, deck to hounds	65	63	62	53
Topmast	48	46	45	47
Boom	84	80	80	73
Gaff	52	50	50	45
Bowsprit outboard	37	38	38.6	36.6
Spinnaker boom	70	67	70	65.6
Displacement	116	110	135	157.6
Inside ballast	10	14	10	6
Keel ballast	50	37	55	72
Sail area by N.Y.Y.C. rule	9000	8634	8880	7505



"MAX' O'RELL."—[See Page 687.]



REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.—[See Page 691.]



CHARLES DICKENS.—[See Page 687.]

A TRIO OF LECTURERS.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

THE FIRST NIGHT OF "A HEART OF GOLD."

In the second act Bob made his appearance, and very bravely announced "Mrs. Portarlington," and his family declared that it was a most successful début. It was with difficulty that they refrained from applauding him, and if the truth must be told they did patter slightly with their feet, but as not a soul in the house responded to this initial movement they did not continue it.

How was it that, after this, *A Heart of Gold* began to trail off? The Lethbridges could not account for it, nor could many other sympathizing friends in the house. It was pretty, the language was touching, the situations were sufficiently good, and yet it is a fact that from the opening of the second act the favorable impression created faded away, and was replaced by a feeling of weariness and indifference. Behind the scenes, where Linton did not put in an appearance till the play was over, the manager knitted his brows and Kiss looked grave; while in his private box the poor dramatic author was gnawing his heart and thinking of his wife and child. The Lethbridges were in consternation; they strove in vain to stimulate the applause; the audience resented the attempt, and commenced to hiss. This stirred the indignation of the more favorably disposed, and they stamped and clapped their hands violently. "The fools!" muttered the manager as he stood at the side wings. "Why don't they leave off applauding? If they go on, there'll be a row." His prognostication was verified. The hissing grew louder and more frequent, and when the curtain finally fell a perfect storm broke out. It was, however, stilled for a few minutes by a spirit of toleration toward old favorites among the company, and these were called before the curtain and applauded. Then came calls for "Author! Author!" The unfortunate man had made his way on to the stage, and was wandering about with a white face and a mind almost crazed with distracted thought. The actors and actresses scarcely dared to speak to him; some looked upon him with positive displeasure, and turned from him to their dressing-rooms, saying as they went: "The notice will be up to-morrow. A nice slating we shall get in the papers!" Kiss stepped to Linton's side, and laid his hand kindly on the author's shoulder. Linton raised his eyes pitifully, and a sound like a sob escaped from him. Meanwhile the hooting and hissing and the cruel cries for "Author! Author!" continued.

"Oh!" sighed Aunt Leth, "how dreadful! how dreadful! I shall never have courage to come to another first night."

She was on the verge of tears herself, as though it was one very dear to her who was being damned. In a little while the audience waxed into fury. "Author! Author! Author!" rang through the house; and there were malicious ones among the auditors who enjoyed the fun. Five minutes, six minutes, seven minutes passed in this way. And still the poor author paced the stage, in and out the wings.

"Go on," said the manager to him, "or they'll tear up the benches."

Linton did not answer. The cries redoubled in fierceness.

"Author! Author! Author! Hoo-oo-oo! Hoo-oo-oo! Author! Author!"

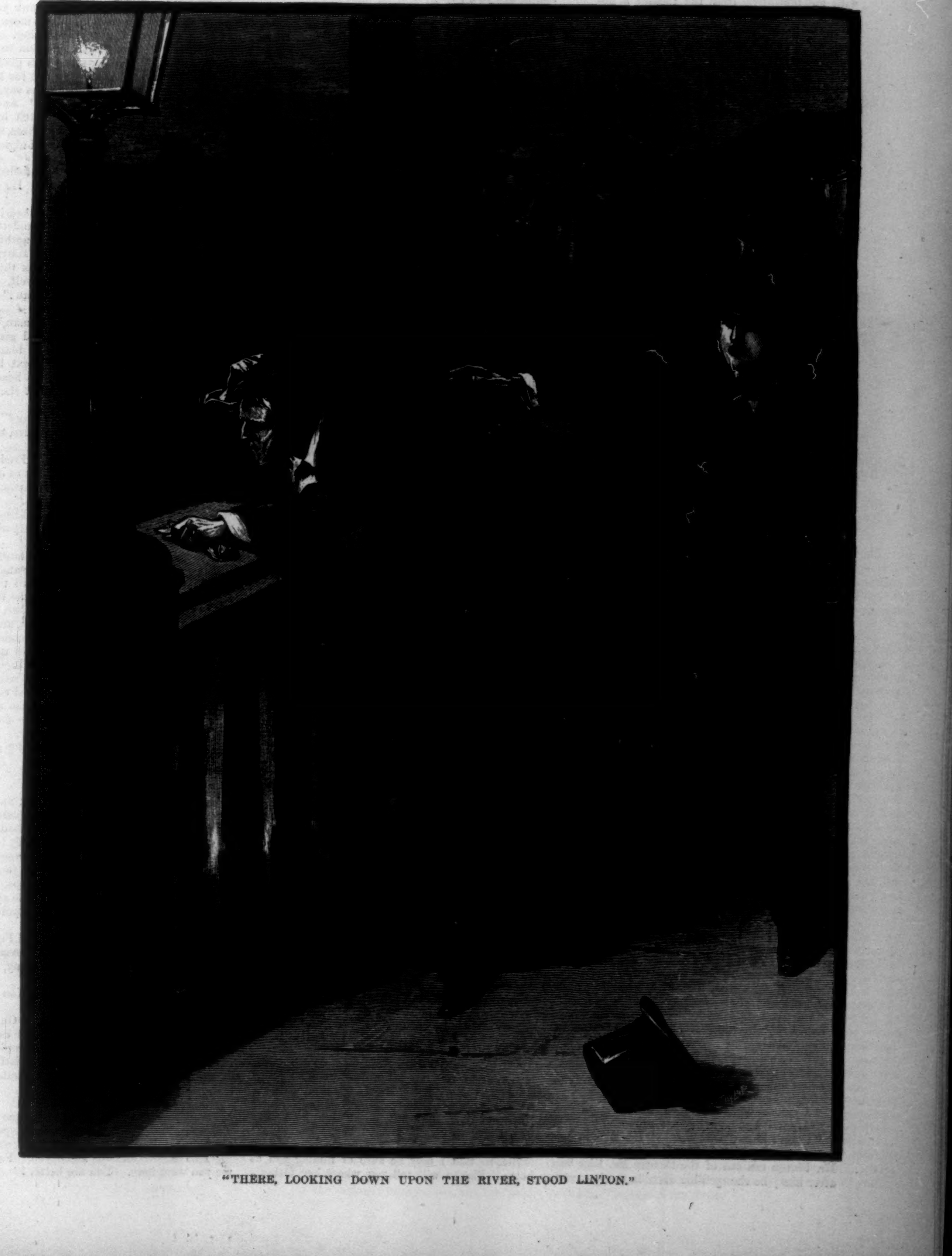
"Damn you!" cried the manager to Linton; "go on like a man, can't you, and get it over! It will cost me another hundred pounds if you don't!"

The noise now really began to assume the preliminary features of a riot; the malcontents were not only angry, they were enraged.

"How will it end? How will it end?" sighed Aunt Leth, clasping her hands.

"He ought to come on," observed Fred Cornwall, gravely.

Suddenly the green curtain was shaken, drawn aside, and Linton stepped in front. He made but two steps forward, and was greeted with volleys of hisses and derisive laughter. He was about to retire when, swayed



"THERE, LOOKING DOWN UPON THE RIVER, STOOD LINTON."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

by an uncontrollable impulse, he altered his intention, and advancing swiftly into the centre of the stage, stood before the audience, and held up his trembling hands.

"What is he going to do now?" said the manager, watching him from the side. "He has his gruelling: why don't he come off?"

Linton's unexpected movement produced an instant effect. Every voice was instantly hushed, and the people craned forward to hear what he had to say.

Two or three times he essayed to speak, but not a sound issued from him. Then he found his voice and spoke:

"Why have you insisted that I should come before you? In order that you may hoot me? Do you think I do not feel with sufficient keenness that my effort to-night has been a failure? It is an effort, at least, which has occupied me for four hard-working months; and that the result should be what it is—is it not punishment enough? Are you not satisfied with killing a man? Must you also torture him? There is a side to this matter which may not recommend itself to you, because it is human. An author is not entirely an abstract entity. He is also a man. In my case he is a husband and a father. I am not appealing to you for mercy—I would scorn to do it; I am simply stating a fact. We are not very rich at home, and cannot afford more than two rooms to live in. When I left my wife this evening to come here she was nursing a delicate child—our only child—for whom the doctor had ordered a certain course which we were not exactly able to carry out, because of the slender purse. I hoped to be able to take home to her news which would cheer her heart, and perhaps save the life of our little one. How anxiously is she awaiting me, counting the moments, and fondly hoping that my brows are being crowned with success! You are angry, indignant with me; but your loss is a trifle compared with mine. I take with me this night from the theatre a heavier load than yours. I can say no more; I retire from your presence with no light heart, and as I go, continue to hoot me. It will be manly."

He bowed with an ashen face, and was slowly leaving the stage amidst a dead silence, when he paused and spoke again:

"There have been instances when first-night verdicts have been reversed, and when what looked like a failure has been worked into a success. On my knees to-night I shall pray to God that this may be the case with my play. Perhaps He will hear me."

"My boy!" cried the manager, slapping Linton on the back when he got behind the curtain. "My boy! a wonderful speech! wonderful! I never heard anything like it. Did you learn it beforehand? It will do us a power of good. Nothing could be more fortunate. It may save the piece."

"Don't speak to me! don't speak to me!" said Linton, and he crept from the theatre, sobbing as though his heart were breaking.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DIPLOMATIC FANNY.

The audience filed slowly out of the theatre, discussing the unexpected and unprecedented climax with a certain hushed animation. Many of those who had been the noisiest veered round to the side of the unfortunate author, and were truly ashamed of themselves for so cruelly baiting a man who was down, while a few of the severest judges endeavored unsuccessfully to stem the tide of sympathy which the novel speech had set flowing. "What have we to do with feelings?" they asked. "What have we to do with a man's private circumstances? We come here to pass a verdict, and we pass it. If it is favorable, the author gets the benefit of it; if unfavorable, he must bear the brunt." These stern ones, however, were in a decided minority, and failed to make converts; despite of which the general opinion was that this had been a first night upon which it was worth while to be present. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything," was said by friends and foes.

This was not the kind of sentiment which animated Mrs. Lethbridge and her party; their hearts were filled with pity for Mr. Linton, and Aunt Leth experienced something like horror at the behavior of the audience. Her thoughts travelled to the humble home which the author had pictured, to the anxious wife and the sick child. Tears flooded her eyes, and she could scarcely see the beloved forms which pressed around her.

"The crush is over now," said Fred Cornwall; "we shall be able to get out in comfort."

At this moment Bob appeared, having made haste to dress and join his family, according to previous arrangement. He was in a fever of excitement, and full of the eventful night. "Everybody is talking of it behind the scenes," he said. "Such a thing has never occurred before, and there is no telling what will be the result. Opinions are divided. Some of the actors say the dramatic critics are much too wide-awake to be taken in by such a trick; others say that after Mr. Linton's speech they can scarcely pitch into the piece." And then Bob added, rather proudly, "I did what *I* could to save it."

"That you did," said Fanny, enthusiastically. "You acted beautifully. Didn't the manager praise you?"

"Well, no," replied Bob; "but then he had so many other things to think of. At all events, my first appearance on the stage is not likely to be forgotten. It is a great night."

"A great night!" sighed Mrs. Lethbridge. "Mr. Linton has gone home, I suppose?"

"I don't know," said Bob. "Mr. Kiss is in a dreadful way about him. A few minutes after Mr. Linton ran out of the theatre Mr. Kiss ran after him; he changed his dress in no time, and, as it was, he ran off with his 'make-up' on his face."

Mr. Lethbridge observed his wife's agitation and distress, and he beckoned Bob aside.

"Do you know where Mr. Linton lives?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Bob. "He sent me to his rooms one day, before rehearsal commenced, for an alteration in a scene he had left behind him."

He gave his father the address; they were now in the lobby of the theatre. Mr. Lethbridge told Bob to go for a couple of four-wheelers.

"I'll go with you," said Fred Cornwall, and then he turned to Mr. Lethbridge. "Will not one cab do? We can all squeeze into it." He was rather afraid that Mr. Lethbridge did not intend that he should accompany them home to Camden Town.

"No," said Mr. Lethbridge; "we must have two. You and Bob can see the girls home. My wife and I are going another way."

Fred looked at him and understood. "Come along, Bob," he said.

Then Mr. Lethbridge turned to his wife: "You and I will go and see if we can do anything for Mrs. Linton. Bob has given me the address."

Mrs. Lethbridge pressed her husband's hand; she was deeply grateful, but it was no surprise to her that he had anticipated and furthered the wish of her heart. Had he not done so on innumerable occasions in the course of their wedded life?

"May we come with you?" asked Fanny.

"No, my dear," said her father; "the fewer the better. We must do nothing that will look like impertinent intrusion. Your mother is an old woman, and may take the liberty. While she is with Mrs. Linton I shall remain outside in the street."

"My mother is not an old woman," said Fanny, in tender reproof. "She is an angel of goodness; and so are you, papa."

Uncle Leth smiled rather sadly, but he had no time to contradict Fanny, because there were Fred and Bob, with the announcement that the cabs were waiting.

"We shall get home as soon as possible," said Mr. Lethbridge, as he and his wife took their seats in their cab.

"We shall wait up for you," cried Fanny. "Oh dear!"

This ejaculation was caused by the sudden appearance of Jeremiah Pamflett. He had been in the theatre, in the pit, and had been all the night watching the private box occupied by the Lethbridge party. He had taken note of Fred Cornwall's attentions to Phœbe and of the young girl's blushes, and he had formed his conclusions. Once during the evening he had endeavored to make his way to the private box; but as he had only a pit check to show, he was peremptorily sent back. His humor was malicious and sour, but some crumbs of comfort fell to his share through the failure of *A Heart of Gold*. Upon the success of the piece depended, he knew, the payment of the bill for three hundred pounds which Mr. Lethbridge had signed, and the prospect of selling up Phœbe's uncle, or of showing him mercy at Phœbe's intercession, was very gratifying to him. He felt that it strengthened his chances with the girl he intended should be his wife. "I will have her," he thought, "whether she likes it or not. Miser Farebrother is bound to me, and there shall be no backing out. He can't back out: I've got his signature to his written promise, and Mr. Lawyer may go to the devil. I'll wring his heart! I'll wring all their hearts!" To such a nature as Jeremiah's this was an agreeable contemplation, and he revelled in it, setting every tender glance that passed between Phœbe and Fred in the private box to the account which at no distant time he should commence to square up. It was a delight to him that *A Heart of Gold* had failed. He yelled in derision at the top of his voice when the curtain fell, and patted the breast of his coat exultantly, in the pocket of which Mr. Lethbridge's acceptance was safely deposited. It was as good as a love-token to him; it gave him assurance of success in his wooing. When the dramatic author finished his speech and had left the stage, Jeremiah tried to push through the mob in the pit; but, in his eagerness, it was his misfortune to hustle rather roughly a peppery individual, who straightway pitched into him. A row ensued, and a fight, which left Jeremiah with a black eye and clothes much disordered. This had delayed his progress considerably, and his confusion of mind did not help him. All this, of course, went down on the account between him and Phœbe and her friends, and was debited against them. Clear of the theatre he had hunted for them in every direction but the right one, and it was only when they were getting into the cabs that he discovered them.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Fanny.

"How d'ye do? how d'ye do?" cried Jeremiah, poking his head in through the open window. "Stop a minute, cabby; friends of mine. Must first shake hands with father and mother. Ah, Mr. Lethbridge, how are you? Glorious fun, wasn't it? Saw you all in a private box; couldn't get at you. Beggar wouldn't let me pass. I say, Mrs. Lethbridge, why don't you invite me to come and see you? It would only be doing the polite. Phœbe's father and me—why, we're almost partners!"

"We shall be very pleased," said Mrs. Lethbridge, faintly.

"Of course you will. Thank you; I'll come. No occasion to give me the address; I know where you live. I say, Mr. Lethbridge, rather a crusher, isn't this, to our friends Kiss and Linton? Hope our little affair will be all right? You're in a hurry to be off, I see. Well, good-night! Look out for me soon. You might send me an invite, so that I may be sure of finding you at home. Phœbe will tell you where her father's office in London is; I'm always there. Did you pay for your private box?"

"Mr. Linton was good enough to send it to us," said Mr. Lethbridge.

"Was he? Might have been good enough to send *me* an order, considering all things; but *I* had to pay: left me out in the cold, the beggar did. Never mind; I'll remember him for it. Well, good-night; so glad to see you! Don't forget the invitation."

He returned to the cab in which the young people were. Fred and Fanny were for driving away before he came back, but Phœbe begged them not to do so, saying that Mr. Pamflett was her father's manager, and that it would make them both angry to slight him.

"Here I am again," said Jeremiah, vivaciously; his remarks to Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge had almost put him in good humor, "like a bad penny. You look as if you'd just taken one, Mr. Cornwall; and you too, Miss Lethbridge. How do you do, Miss Phœbe?" He thrust his hand into the cab, and Phœbe was compelled to give him hers, which he pressed and retained, in huge enjoyment of Fred's wrathful glances. "How blooming you look! I saw your father to-day at Parksides; he told me you were on a visit to Camden Town. I have some business with him to-morrow. Shall I give him your love? But I dare say you will be at Parksides before I am. You've no idea how I miss you when you're not there! A jolly night, hasn't it been? You seem rather fidgety, Miss Lethbridge."

"We want to get home," said Fanny. "It costs money to keep the cab waiting."

"And I'm not worth it. What a pity you think so! But soon you'll think differently, perhaps—soon we'll surprise you, Miss Phœbe and I. Some people would say, 'Miss Phœbe and me'; but I've been educated, and know how to speak properly, and how to behave properly. There isn't a lawyer in London can get ahead of me, and that we'll prove before long; won't we, Miss Phœbe? I must be going now. Thank you so much for your kind reception. It is more than kind: it is gracious and condescending. Who pays for the cab? But what a question to ask! Of course the swell of the party. I'm glad I've cost him nothing. Let a lawyer alone for knowing what's what. The cab regulations say, 'For the first fifteen minutes completed, 6*d*.' And I've detained you"—he consulted his watch here—"just thirteen minutes and three-quarters, so the driver can't demand anything. Good-night all; happy dreams."

He went off chuckling, eminently satisfied with himself for the part he had played. He knew that he had left a sting behind.

Out of consideration for Phœbe, bearing in mind that her father and Jeremiah Pamflett were hand and glove, Fred Cornwall said nothing of that worthy young man to Phœbe. Fanny, however, was boiling over, and she was not the kind of person to keep her opinions to herself.

"Oh!" she said, "I wish I was a man!"

"What for, Fan?" asked Bob.

"Just for one little half-hour a man," said Fanny; "to go after that reptile, and give him what he deserves! He has got one black eye already; he should have two. I'd beat him to a jelly; I'd pull every hair out of his head; I'd—I'd—" She grew so indignant that she could not proceed.

"Shall I go and give him a thrashing?" asked Bob. He was not of a truculent nature, but his blood was roused.

"Stop where you are, Bob," said Fred Cornwall, quietly. "It is best to keep out of difficulties with such as he. I beg your pardon, Miss Farebrother; I did not mean to say it."

"You have said what is right," said Phœbe, in a low tone. "It is I who should ask pardon of you for subjecting you to insults."

She burst into tears, and Fanny instantly took her in her arms. The men were silent and grave, and not another word was spoken till they arrived at Camden Town. Fred paid the cabman liberally, and the party entered the house, Phœbe and Fanny going up to their bedroom, and Fred and Bob finding refuge in the dining-room, where supper was laid out for them. As they went upstairs Fanny called out to the young men, "We shall not be long. Don't go away, Fred." He had no intention of doing so; he paced the room in deep thought, while Bob, who, in the absence of his father, took upon himself the duties of host, ran down to the larder for beer. Returning with it, he poured out two foaming glasses, and handed one to Fred.

"Here's luck," said Bob.

"Here's luck," said Fred.

Fred emptied his glass in one pull, and when he put it on the table there was a flush on his face and a soft light in his eyes. He had formed a most important resolution. Presently he heard Fanny's voice calling to him, and he went out to her in the passage. That diplomatic young lady received him with her finger on her lips, and she closed the dining-room door before she spoke.

"She is in there," she whispered, pointing to the drawing-room. "I lit the gas."

"Does she wish to see me?" asked Fred, with an exact following of her cautious movements.

"She didn't say so," replied Fanny, "but I thought you would like to go to her."

"Yes," said Fred, "I will go. You are my best friend, Fanny."

"I am a true one, at all events. Oh, Fred!" There was nothing teasing or wilful or capricious in the tone in which these two simple words were uttered. It was fraught with wistful, tremulous feeling, and her eyes were humid with tears.

"God bless you, Fanny!"

"And you, Fred. No one shall come in."

Phœbe looked up as he entered, expecting to see Fanny. He sat down by her side, and said,

"I have been anxious about you. Fanny told me you were here. You are better?"

"Yes." She would have risen and made an attempt to leave him, not out of coquetry, but maiden modesty, but she had not the strength.

"This has been a sad night," said Fred, "but it may prove to be the happiest one in my life, if my heart has not deceived me. May I say to you what my heart dictates?" He construed her silence into assent, and proceeded: "I did not intend to speak yet a while; I thought I would first make my position—my wordly position—firmer than it is; but I can no longer be silent. Since that happy evening at Parksides I have not been idle, and though my position is not yet quite assured, I am very hopeful; I have really made progress, and I think I can see my way. I have gained some good friends who will help me along, and once the ball is set fairly rolling, it only depends upon a man's ability and industry to keep it rolling till it reaches a home which he can call his own, and where it may be his bright fortune to enjoy the sweetest blessings of life. Industry I have, and I mean to work harder than ever; and I am told I have ability. Whatever be the measure of it, I am sure it will help me to some kind of success; and if the home of which I speak be not at first a very grand one, it will be grand enough for happiness. I ask you to have faith in my earnestness and truth. I love you with my whole heart and soul; I will work for you with my whole heart and soul; I will shield and protect you; I will be true and faithful to you. Will you not answer me? Will you not speak to me?"

She raised her eyes timidly to his, and in the tender light that shone therein he saw his answer. He clasped her in his arms; her pulses thrilled with ineffable rapture.

"Phœbe!"

"Fred!" Her voice was like the whisper of a rose, filling space with sweet music.

"You will be my wife, Phœbe?"

"Yes."

"Say you love me!"

"I love you!"

Thereafter there was silence awhile, and as Phœbe lay enfolded in her lover's arms, a high resolve entered his soul to be worthy of the priceless blessing of her love. And she? Her soul was also stirred by a prayer that she might be able to make herself worthy of him—her hero, her life!

"We must go in now, Fred. They will think it so strange."

"I am not so sure," he said, and kept her still in his embrace.

"Why are you not so sure, Fred? Indeed, indeed they will!"

"Do you know, my darling"—he paused, and repeated softly, "my darling!—my very, very own!" And then he lost himself, and forgot for a moment what he had intended to say.

"Well, Fred?"

"Well what, Phœbe?"

"You were saying, 'Do you know—' "

"Oh yes. I said, 'Do you know.' What came afterward?"

"My darling!" she said, in a delicious whisper.

It was enough to make him forget himself again; and he did; but he presently took up the thread.

"Do you know, my darling, I have an idea that Fanny sent me here for a purpose—bless her kind heart!"

"For what purpose?"

"For this." He pressed her closer to him.

"Oh, Fred, she never could!"

"Couldn't she? What! Our Fanny, our dear cousin, not be equal to such a scheme! Upon my word, she deserves—what she shall get when we go to her. I am sure of it; thinking seriously over the matter, Phœbe—and I never was more serious in my life than I am now, my own!—I have no doubt that she had it already planned out in her pretty little head."

"Fred, we really must go."

"Not till—"

"Till what, Fred?"

He held her face between his hands, and put his lips to hers. Thus they pledged love and faith to each other, for weal or woe.

"Well, you people!" cried Fanny, as they entered. "We are not half ready for you; and here you come breaking in upon us so suddenly and quickly, just as Bob and I were talking secrets—weren't we, Bob? Well, I wonder at your impudence, Fred! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

The affectionate girl's arms were round Phœbe's neck, hugging her close, and her gay voice had drifted into tears. For Fred had kissed her, and Phœbe too; and somehow or other, in these kissings the news of Phœbe's and Fred's engagement was conveyed without ever a word being spoken about it. How Fanny danced round Phœbe, and how she commanded Fred to kiss her again, and how she kissed him unblushingly more than once, and how she hugged Phœbe again and again, and how her face flushed and her eyes sparkled, and how she got her hair rumpled in the most unaccountable manner, and how she seized Bob and waltzed round the room with him, dodging the chairs and tables in the most marvellous way, and how, finally, she fell upon the sofa, out of breath, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, and therefore doing a little of both—all this must be imagined, for it is impossible to describe.

"And oh, my dears, my dears!" she cried, "I hope you'll be happy for ever and ever!"

For brilliant impulsiveness there never *was* such a girl.

But what had come over Bob? Had he been so schooled and lectured by Fanny that, metaphorically speaking, he had not a leg to stand upon, or had he already transferred his affections from Phœbe to some fair nymph at the Star Theatre, that he submitted himself to Phœbe's kiss—knowing the meaning of it—with a fairly good grace, with only just a shade of sulkiness in recognition of her perfidy, and that he shook hands with Fred with no expressed intention of having his life's blood? However it was, these things happened; and if a happier or more agreeable quartette ever sat down to a supper table, the present chronicler would like to be present on the occasion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE POOR AUTHOR'S HOME.

Outside the humble house in Lambeth in which Mr. Linton and his family occupied two modest rooms—and those not the best—Uncle Leth paced the lonely street. There was not a soul about, with the exception of the policeman, with whom Uncle Leth exchanged a few words explaining his presence; but although that functionary expressed himself satisfied, he still kept an eye upon the stranger in the neighborhood. Aunt Leth was upstairs with Mrs. Linton; the unfortunate author had not returned home, as Aunt Leth, running breathlessly down to the street door, had informed her husband; and Uncle Leth was now looking anxiously for his appearance. It was out of a feeling of delicacy that he had not entered the house; he knew that the intrusion of a strange man would have alarmed Mrs. Linton, and have marred the kind errand upon which he and his wife were engaged. So he waited outside, listening for footsteps, and mentally praying that Mr. Linton had done nothing rash.

Aunt Leth and Mrs. Linton were already friends, and it seemed to the poor author's wife as if she had known her kind visitor for years. It was not without trepidation that Aunt Leth had introduced herself to Mrs. Linton, but she allowed no signs of this feeling to appear in her manner: she was cheerful and unobtrusive, and her sweet face and pleasant voice conveyed hope to the heart of the anxious wife.

"I am a friend of your husband," Aunt Leth said, "and I hope you will forgive me for calling upon you at so late an hour. My name is Lethbridge."

"Yes," said Mrs. Linton; "my husband has often spoken of you and your family. He was desirous that we should become personally acquainted some time since; but"—she paused here; the sentence, completed, would have been an avowal of poverty.

"But," said Aunt Leth, taking up the words, with a sweet smile, "you have been so busy, and your husband has been so much engaged, that you could not find time. It is just the way with us at home. The days are really not long enough for one's cares and duties."

"Are you alone?" asked Mrs. Linton.

"No; my husband is below, waiting for me. He would not come up, it is so late. I should not have had the courage to come had I not heard that your little boy was not well. Dear little fellow! You won't mind my kissing you, will you, sweet?"

She was by the bedside, bending over the lad, who was awake, and who, when she lowered her face to his, put his little arms round her neck. In Aunt Leth's beautiful ways there was an affectionate magnetism which won the hearts of old and young. Mrs. Linton burst into tears.

"Don't cry, my dear," said Aunt Leth; "we are going to be very good friends, and everything will be bright and happy. Ah! it is only wives and mothers like ourselves who know what real trouble is; but then we are able to bear it, thank God! It is love's duty. To be strong and reliant and hopeful will help to bring back the roses to your little boy's cheeks."

All the time she was speaking she was either at the bedside or doing unobtrusively something housewifely about the room, which made her presence there like an angel's visit.

"Where did you hear that our little boy was ill?" asked Mrs. Linton.

"At the theatre."

"Ah! you have been there?" Mrs. Linton's agitation was so great that her hand rose instinctively to her heart. It was a thin white hand, eloquent with weakness and suffering. "Tell me, tell me about the piece. I expected my husband home by this time. If it was a success he would have flown here."

"My dear," said Aunt Leth, with a bright look, "I am not an author's wife, and therefore I cannot speak with authority; but I can understand how much there must be to talk about at the theatre after the first representation of a play. Perhaps some trifling alterations to make, or a little dialogue to be strengthened or shortened, and there is nothing like taking these things in hand on the spur of the moment. That is business, and must be attended to, must it not? I hardly know whether I am right or wrong in what I say, but it seems to me so."

"You are right," sighed Mrs. Linton; "there are always a great many alterations to make in my husband's plays. I used to go on the first nights, but the excitement had such an effect upon me that I wait now to know whether they are likely to be a success or not. It is an anxious life, waiting, waiting, waiting for what, perhaps, will never come. It is wearing my poor husband out; and he works so hard, so earnestly—"

"All the more need for courage, my dear," said Aunt Leth, taking Mrs. Linton's hand and patting it hopefully. "Bright fortune, when it comes, will be all the sweeter for a little delay. It will come, my dear, it will!"

"Perhaps too late," murmured the mother, her apprehensive eyes travelling to the bed upon which her sick child was lying.

"You must not say that; you must not think it. When your husband returns you must be cheerful and strong; he will require such help after his anxious night. And what a beautiful play he has written! How proud you must be of him!"

With such like affectionate interchange of confidences did the time pass in Mrs. Linton's room; but Aunt Leth's heart almost fainted within her at the lengthened absence of the author. No less anxious was Uncle Leth in the street below. Two or three times, on some pretence or other, Aunt Leth ran down to him to satisfy herself that he was all right, hoping on each occasion that she would return in the company of Mr. Linton. She and her husband were afraid to give expression to their fast-growing fears. All that Uncle Leth said was:—"Don't hurry away. You must not leave till Mr. Linton comes home. He will be here soon."

But more than an hour elapsed before the author appeared, and Uncle Leth breathed a "Thank God!" when he saw him turn the corner of the street, in the company of Kiss. Uncle Leth hastened toward them to explain the meaning of his presence, but Mr. Linton did not give him time to utter a word. His agitation was so great, he had been so wrought up by the incidents of the night, that he saw a tragedy in the surprise.

"My God!" he cried; and but for the support afforded by Kiss's strong arm he would have fallen to the ground. "My wife! my child!"

"Are well," said Uncle Leth, quickly. "My wife is with yours, and they are waiting for you. Don't take it ill of us; we are here in true friendship and sympathy. Keep up your heart; all will turn out right."

"That's what I've been telling him," said Kiss, heartily; "and if ever there was a bright omen, this is one. Now go up to your wife, like a good fellow, and put on a cheerful face. We shall rub through. Never lose sight of the silver lining, my boy; it is shining now in your room on the faces of two good women."

Mr. Linton, unable to speak, pressed Uncle Leth's hand, and passed into the house, leaving his friends in the street.

"How kind of you!" murmured Kiss. "I intended to go up with Linton, but now your good wife is there my presence is not required. I have had a dreadful time with him. When he rushed out of the theatre I hardly knew what to think, being knocked over, so to speak, by the strange speech he made. I was not the only one; it was so novel, so thoroughly unexpected. There is just the chance it may be the talk of the town, and if that happens it will bring money to the treasury. I ran up to my dressing-room for a quick change, and it suddenly occurred to me that in the state Linton was in it would be as well if he had a friend by his side. Quick as thought I left the theatre, without waiting to wash, and knowing the road Linton always took home, followed it without coming up to him. I didn't trouble myself about the public-houses: Linton is a temperate man, and he was in no mood for company. With a great success it might have been different: he might have taken a glass. You see, Mr. Lethbridge, I know him and his ways. He is wonderfully sensitive and nervous, and he had taken it into his head that upon the success of *A Heart of Gold* his whole career depended. He had staked all his hopes upon it. Success meant life, fortune, fame, happiness; failure meant death, ruin, despair. It is the misfortune of these highly sensitive natures; they suffer the tortures of the damned. How did you come here?"

"In a cab," said Uncle Leth.

"I followed Linton on foot, and must have been pretty smart, because I got here before you arrived. I ascertained from the landlady of the house that Linton had not come home, and back I started, retracing my steps, first cautioning the landlady not to let Mrs. Linton know that I had been here making inquiries. I'll tell you what was in my mind. Linton's road home led past a bridge, which he had no occasion to cross, and I thought if I didn't meet him before I came to that bridge that I would cross it myself, to see if some impulse of despair had drawn his steps in that direction. Sir, I was right! There, looking down upon the river, stood Linton. I must not do him an injustice: I do not believe he had any idea of suicide; it was simply that he was in a condition of blank despairing bewilderment, and it is my opinion he might have stood there for hours without conscious thought. When I laid my hand upon his shoulder, he looked at me like a man in a dream. It was quite a time before he completely recovered himself; before, it may be said, he was awake. Then we talked. He could not tell me how he had got on the bridge; he had been drawn there, as I supposed, and he stood looking down upon the river in a kind of waking trance. I could dilate on the theme, but the hour is not propitious. Well, Mr. Lethbridge, when we conversed intelligently, I discovered that he was afraid to go home. Hereby hangs a tale. His wife, before he married her, was in a better position in life than he; she had wealthy relatives, who disowned her when she married Linton. Since then it has been one long struggle; nothing but hardships; nothing but privations. She has never reproached him; such a thought I am certain has never entered her mind. But he has taken it into his head that he has done her a great wrong, and the culminating events of this night at the theatre took all the courage out of him; he dared not face her. But for him she might have been prosperous and happy; it was through him that her life had been wrecked. I had to combat this view, and it needed all my powers. Without wearying you I may say that I partly succeeded at length in bringing him to a better state of mind. That is all, and I have ended just in time. Here is your wife. Madam," he said, advancing, and raising her hand to his lips, "in the garden of human nature you are the sweetest flower!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"MAX O'RELL" (M. PAUL BLOUËT).

The popularity of the works of "Max O'Rell" is the most recent refutation of the sneer that no new writer can gain access to the publishers or the public without influential introductions or sensational advertising. Three years ago M. Paul Blouët, who has adopted "Max O'Rell" as his *nom de plume*, was an unknown foreign teacher in St. Paul's School, London. During his leisure hours he wrote, in French, a little book entitled *John Bull et Son Ile*, and it was published in Paris without any unusual advertisement. Its keen wit and caustic satire at once attracted the attention of the critics and the public; the book was abused by the Paris correspondents of the English press, then translated into English, and the author woke in the cloisters of St. Paul's to find himself famous. American reprints of *John Bull and His Island* have had a very large sale, and now, in response to the general desire to see and hear an author who has amused us so cleverly, M. Blouët, who has had some experience as a lecturer in England, will give a series of readings in the United States and Canada.

M. Blouët was born in Brittany in 1848. He was educated for a soldier in Paris, and obtained the degree of B.A., a prize at the Sorbonne, and the rank of Officier d'Académie before he formally entered the French army. He came of age just in time to fight for his country against the Germans, and be captured in Von Moltke's mouse-trap at Sedan. After a brief imprisonment he was released, and returned to the army to encounter his own countrymen in the war of the Commune. A wound in the right arm incapacitated him for further military service, and he retired upon a pension. Journalism offered him a means of increasing his income, and he went to London as the correspondent of one of the smaller Paris papers. Energetic and accomplished, he made many friends in London, and by them he was recommended for the appointment of teacher in St. Paul's School. Thus comfortably established, he married an English lady, and began to study John Bull from the stand-point of his own hearth-stone. Besides the book which made his reputation, he has written *Drat the Boys*, with recollections of his pupils at St. Paul's, *John Bull's Womankind*, *The Dear Neighbors*, and *The Land of the Mounseer*, which is now in course of publication in Harper's Weekly.

In appearance M. Blouët is a typical Frenchman, thirty-nine years old, a brunette, with bright, sparkling eyes and a lively, engaging manner. He begins his lectures by apologizing for his French accent; but he speaks so clearly, precisely, and correctly that every word can be easily understood, and the French accent only gives spice to his drolleries. He judges England by a French standard; but although not blind to her faults, he is very kind to her virtues, and says, with Voltaire, "If I could have chosen my birth-place, I would have chosen England." A year ago he was persuaded to read his books in public, and a tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland was both artistically and financially successful. Undoubtedly he comes to this country to study the Americans as well as to lecture to them, and we presume that *Jonathan and His Continent* will be a companion volume to *John Bull and His Island*.

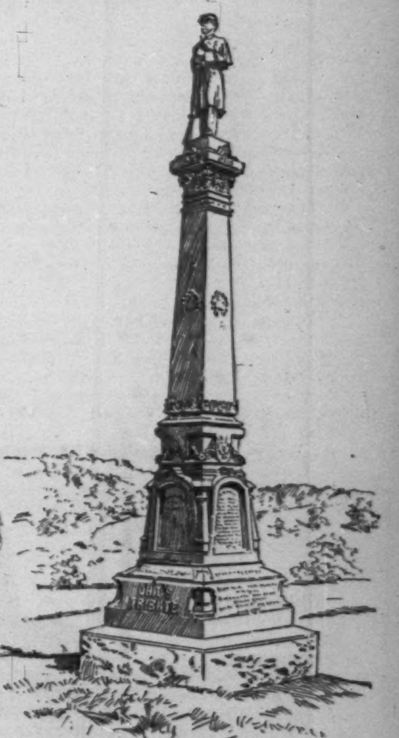
CHARLES DICKENS (JUNIOR).

The name of one of the greatest of English novelists has not lost its magnetism, and the eldest son of Charles Dickens will be welcomed to America for his father's sake. He comes to repeat his father's famous readings, and the English critics say that, without attempting to imitate the inimitable "Boz," he has inherited much of his father's quaint dramatic talent. If Charles Dickens had not been a great novelist, it is conceded that he would have been a great comedian. His brother Frederick, who remarkably resembled him in personal appearance, though not in literary abilities, was like him in being a capital amateur actor. Twenty years ago an American manager proposed to bring Frederick Dickens here to read from his brother's books, and perhaps this scheme decided Charles Dickens to pay us his second memorable visit. Now, after a preliminary season in the English provinces to test and to develop his elocutionary powers, the son of Charles Dickens is substituted for the brother.

When the unfortunate estrangement between Dickens and his wife was made public, and a separation ensued, the young Charles manfully decided to stay with his mother, and thus won the respect of everybody who knew the sad story. Dickens himself honored the boy for this choice, and in subsequent years opened his heart and his home to his eldest son, and treated him as his heir. Charles was carefully educated, but it was thought that his tastes were commercial, and Miss Coutts, now the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, took charge of him and his fortunes. He was sent out to China, several openings were found for him in the City, and even after his father's death Charles was interested in a large printing speculation, with its head-quarters at the Crystal Palace. But his father, without seeking to interest him in literature, constantly endeavored to train him into the business management of *All the Year Round*, and this weekly magazine, of which he is still the proprietor, is now as widely circulated as when it enjoyed the splendid prestige of its original editorship.

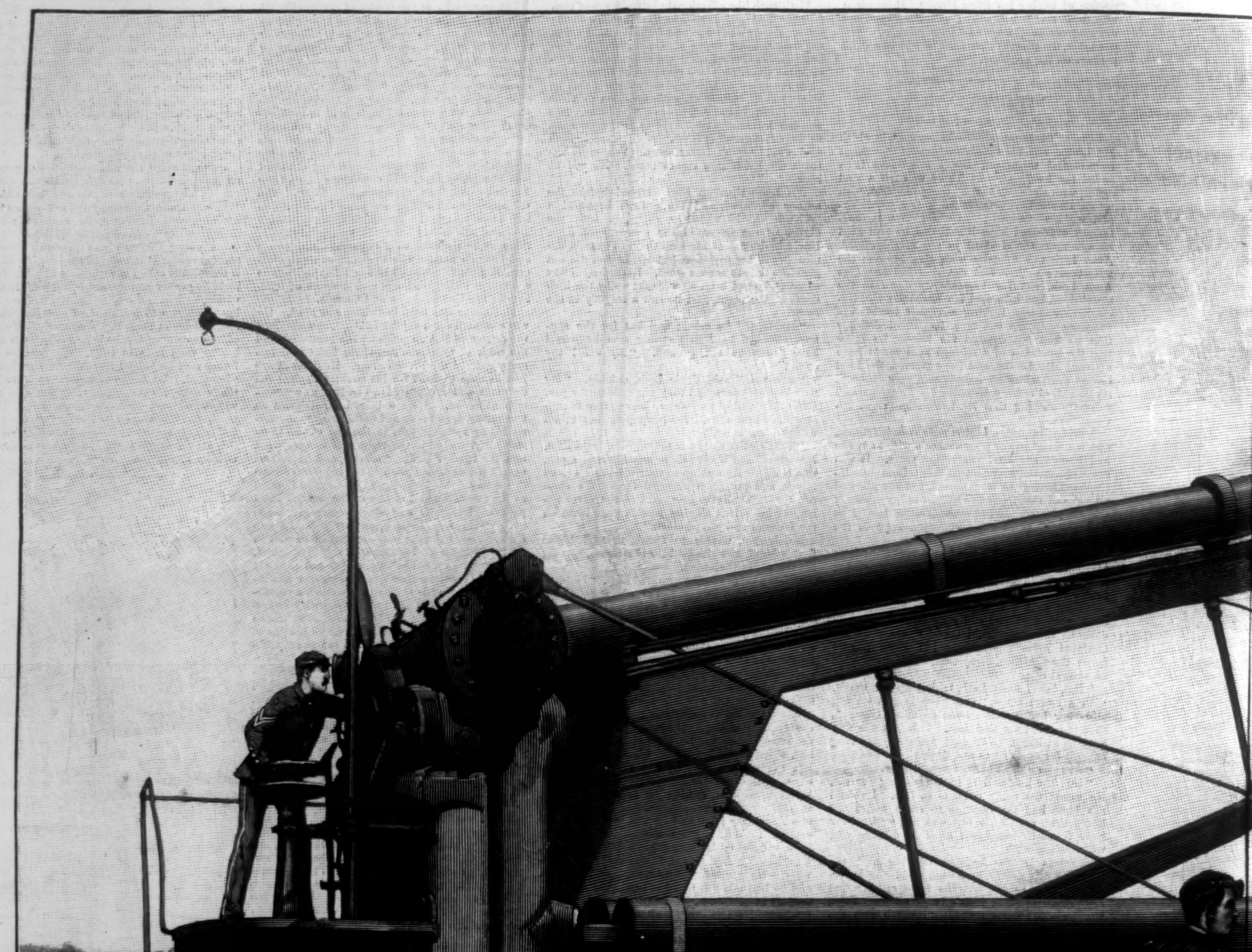
Probably, if the younger Dickens had not been overshadowed by his father's fame, he would have become a recognized author. He has written and compiled hand-books of the Thames and of London which show excellent style and taste. But as a young man his similarity to his father was most noticeable in his after-dinner speeches at the various literary clubs, like the Savage, to which he belonged. Ready, witty, fluent, graceful, and on occasions forcible and convincing, the young Dickens proved himself the son of his father as an orator, if not as a writer. It was this peculiarity which led his friends to urge him to resume his father's public readings, and about a year ago he consented. His début was made in London, but modestly at a suburban hall—corresponding to a hall in Harlem here—and his selections were from *Dombey and Son* and Bob Sawyer's Party. His success was immediate and encouraging, and he has since devoted himself to cultivating his voice and studying the dramatic possibilities of platform readings.

Dickens acted the characters whose words he repeated, and none who ever heard him can forget his impersonation of Nancy Sykes and Sam Weller. He left carefully marked copies of his readings, and, moreover, he used to rehearse them frequently before family parties at Gadshill when young Charles was present. Thus the present reader is in complete possession of what is technically called the "business" of his father, including every gesture and inflection. But, very wisely, he does not confine himself to these notes, but endeavors to realize the characters for himself, and depict them in his own way. We speak of him as young, but he is now fifty years of age, having been born in 1837. His likeness to his father may be judged from the portrait herewith presented. Welcome, as we have said, for his father's sake, his American reception as a reader will depend, not upon his name nor his likeness to Dickens, but upon his ability to portray his father's characters naturally and effectively. In this art the English critics assure us he is exceptionally successful.

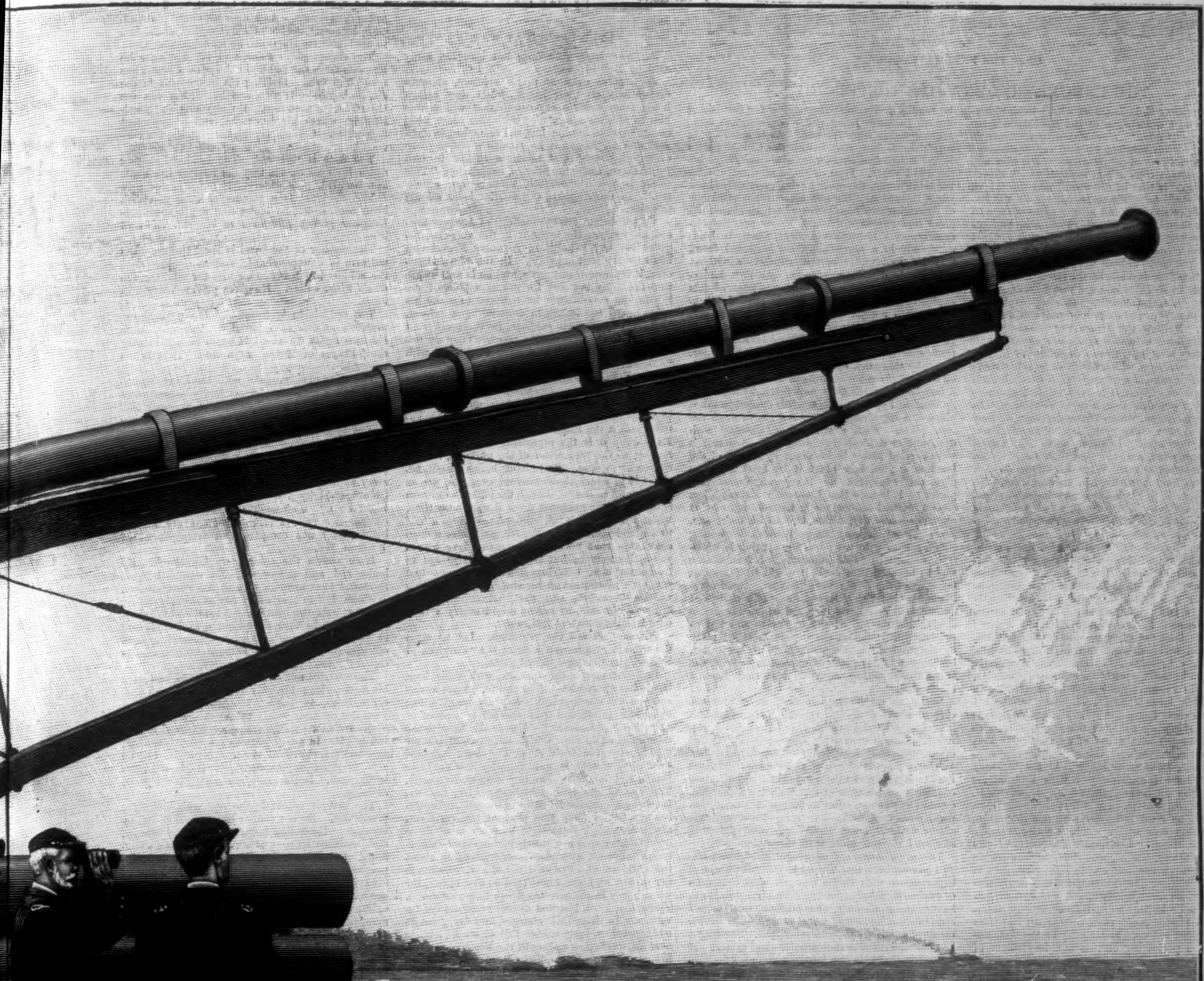


OHIO'S GETTYSBURG MONUMENTS.

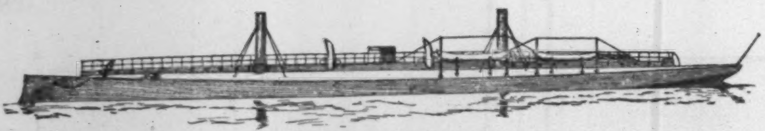
The battle-field of Gettysburg now adds one more to its many remarkable gatherings of veteran soldiers, that of September 14th, the date selected for the erection of memorials to the Ohio troops who fought there during the memorable opening days of July, 1863. Twenty of these monuments indicate the positions occupied by as many organizations of the State, most of them belonging to the Eleventh and Twelfth corps. A sketch of a typical monument, that of the 4th Ohio infantry, is presented above, after a photograph by Tipton of Gettysburg. The 4th Ohio belonged, with the 8th of the same State, to General Carroll's brigade of the Third Division (Hayes's) of the Second Corps. Its monument stands where its chief service was rendered, on the east slope of Cemetery Hill, to which point Carroll's brigade was sent by General Hancock, during the second day's battle, to aid there against Ewell's attack. A desperate struggle ended in the repulse of Early's division, whose Louisiana brigade, which was prominent in this effort to turn the Union right, was almost destroyed. The other monuments prepared for dedication at the same time include the 8th Regiment's, whose place is on the Emmittsburg road; the 82d's, on the Eleventh Corps avenue, just beyond the county almshouse, where also are those of the 25th and 107th; the 75th's, on East Cemetery Hill; the 55th's, at the junction of the Emmittsburg and Taneytown roads; the 73d's and the 61st's, in the Eleventh Corps line; the 5th's, 7th's, 29th's, and 66th's, on Culp's Hill, that of the last at the summit of a huge bowlder; while Dilger's, Gibbs's, Heckman's, and Huntingdon's batteries and the troops of the 1st and 6th cavalry have their monuments where they were chiefly engaged. As usual, supplementary stones indicate the flanks of the regiments, and markers show the positions of detached bodies. The monument of the 4th Regiment was constructed by the Monumental Bronze Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and the other memorials in Boston, Hartford, Cincinnati, Quincy, Mass., South Reygate, Vt., and Norwalk, Columbus, and Springfield, O. It was a happy idea to combine the dedication exercises at Gettysburg, giving them additional importance by the official participation of the State.


R. F. Zogbaum
'87

THE PERFECTED PNEUMATIC DYNAMITE TOR



PEDO GUN.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 690.]



A BOAT FOR PNEUMATIC GUNS.

THE PNEUMATIC DYNAMITE TORPEDO GUN.

Lieutenant E. L. Zalinski writes in the introduction to a description of the pneumatic dynamite torpedo gun, "Coincident with advances in the arts of civilization, we find rapid advances made in the arts of destruction." The best and most constant comparison made between attack and defence is that of the sword and the shield. Shields could be made to be carried by the Roman soldier so thick and strong as to withstand slash or thrust of the sword. Then armor adapted to the purpose of personal protection sufficed until projectiles driven by gunpowder were used, and at once coats of mail were no longer serviceable. "Advances made on the strength of armor and hulls of ships of war are met by using more powerful guns, and resorting to the high explosives carried in submerged torpedoes, movable and stationary. Neither the attack nor the defence is long permitted to retain a marked superiority." There may be a limit to the thickness of iron or steel put on a ship, which limit can be calculated; as to the penetration of projectiles through such thick masses of iron, it is supposable that there is rather a practical than a theoretical limit. In the one direction, which is the defence, we may be said to have come pretty near the end of our tether. For attack, however, ways and means have multiplied, and the end has been by no means reached as yet. What are known as high explosives have been used in various ways. To carry these high explosives very ingenious machines have been constructed, which take their motion from compressed air, electricity, or stored-up energy of various kinds.

Readers more or less familiar with those problems which tax the ingenuity of the military engineer and artillerist might ask, given these highly explosive agents, such as dynamite, gun-cotton, or the fulminates, why not load shells with them, and project them directly from an ordinary cannon? Lieutenant Zalinski writes: "The feasibility of using gunpowder for the propulsion of shells charged with high explosives is continually broached. It has been frequently tried, but invariably with final disastrous results, where the experiments have been carried up to moderately large charges. By large charges I refer to shell charges not less than 50 pounds and reaching up to 1000 pounds, and even to shells charged with a ton of explosives." Foreign experimentalists firing highly explosive substances, from guns charged in the ordinary method, have invariably met with unfortunate results, the final dissolution of the gun itself. The problem was to charge a shell with a high explosive to send it on its way, the propelling force being one which would develop neither heat nor shock. Lieutenant Zalinski, of the Fifth Artillery, U.S.A., who has been working carefully with the pneumatic dynamite gun, is not its inventor. It was designed and constructed by Mr. Mefford, in 1883, and was first experimented upon in New York Harbor, at Fort Hamilton, in 1884. Since then Lieutenant Zalinski has devoted his time and ability to the development and perfecting of this new implement of warfare.

The gun when first presented for experiment was a seamless brass tube 28 feet long, 2 inches interior diameter, 2.5 exterior diameter, and was a quarter of an inch thick. The air reservoir had a capacity of 12 cubic feet, and was connected with the breech of the gun by a flexible leather hose. A brass cock, worked by hand, let in or cut off the air. Crude though might have been the mechanical details, this gun, under a pressure of 500 pounds, threw projectiles across the Narrows, a distance of 2100 yards. It was compressed air replacing a slow-burning powder. If the initial pressure was low, it was continued for a long time. "Whilst powder-gun pressure falls very rapidly, the pressure of the compressed air in the air-gun reduced much less rapidly." As a gun alone, many improvements were suggested. The valve was made automatic, allowing a uniform volume of air to escape between opening and closing. The length and the bore of the gun were to be made so as to allow the machine to be readily manipulated. More pressure—at least 1000 pounds—could be used; and lastly, simpler and easier methods of training the gun were to be employed. A second gun was made, with a 4-inch bore and automatic valves, and the ballistic qualities of the machine were highly satisfactory. The question now was—the whole principle of the gun having been subjected to scientific study, the cause and effect having been mastered—how safe was it when used to project shells charged with a considerable quantity of high explosives? The first problem was one of the shells and their thickness or thinness. "The system permitted an assured gentle initial action upon a shell, as the valve could be placed in such a position as to interpose any desired length of air cushion between it and the shell." After repeated experiments, Lieutenant Zalinski was satisfied that the shell could be placed "as close to the valve as was mechanically convenient."

The final gun, as drawn by Mr. Zogbaum, which forms the subject of our illustration, is an 8-inch gun, the tube made of wrought iron inside, lined with ⅛-inch seamless brass tubing. This gun works with a pressure of 1000 pounds. At an elevation of 35° a shell carrying 60 pounds of explosive has attained a range of 2¼ miles, and a shell with 100-pound charge, 3000 yards at 32° elevation.

So far the mechanical details of the gun can be readily understood, the engine for furnishing the air pressure being under cover and at some short distance from the gun. As to accuracy, in a trial made last year before the United States Naval Board five shots were made, the range being 1613 yards. Four of these attained exactly the same range, the other having gone only seven yards beyond it. We now come to the efficiency of dynamite as an explosive agent, and must explain how it acts differently under peculiar circumstances. Explosive gelatine, which is dynamite, only in a much more concentrated form, may be fired under certain conditions without appreciably dangerous effects. At Fort Lafayette Lieutenant Zalinski will fire a stick of this explosive gelatine, laying it on the ground, touching it with a red-hot ember, and it will fiz and sputter, burning slowly until it is all consumed, and with no more danger to those surrounding it than were it a small heap of dampened powder. But take this stick of explosive gelatine, place it on an iron plate five-eighths of an inch thick, lay a tamping of earth on it, and fire it by means of an electrical spark, and a terrible explosion takes place. A big hole will be found cut through the iron plate. With a shell, then, charged with dynamite or explosive gelatine, supposing that it were carried safely in its flight by means of the pneumatic gun, how must it be fired so as to give the explosive its maximum destructive power? It is here that Lieutenant Zalinski has shown marked ability, for in the solution of this question many difficulties had to be overcome. Fulminate of mercury is a well-known detonating substance long in use; but if anything is sensitive to shock, it is this fulminate. If a fulminate was to be used in a shell, it might be placed at the apex of the shell; but it has been conclusively shown that the bursting force of a charge of dynamite is singularly lessened where the fire is propagated on top of the explosive and not at the bottom. "When the explosion takes place by simple impact, not alone is it of low order, but as the initial point of explosion is from the front, the resulting injury is less than from a blank shell."

Shells, no matter how loaded, are always uncertain when fired by impact. Lieutenant Zalinski uses for the explosion of his shell an electrical primer, which gives him as many centres of simultaneous ignition as is found desirable. With six pounds of explosive gelatine fired from Fort Lafayette under the most advantageous methods, such as Lieutenant Zalinski uses, the concussion was so severe as to be felt on the adjoining shores and to lead to complaints, and this officer writes, "I was prohibited from exploding at Fort Lafayette more than three pounds."

The great accuracy of fire of the pneumatic gun having been established beyond dispute, and experiments with shells charged with dynamite or explosive gelatine having been shown so far to have been satisfactory, what might be the results? Suppose an iron-clad were to approach within range of one of these pneumatic guns. She might be decked with four-inch iron or steel armor. If a shell loaded with one hundred pounds of explosive gelatine were to strike that deck, it would be crushed in. "I question, however," writes Lieutenant Zalinski, "whether a shell containing four hundred pounds, striking the most heavily armored turret, will not by the transmitted shock render the inmates *hors de combat;* besides impairing the manipulating apparatus of the turret, the glacis and decks in the vicinity will be broken." As to these shells exploding under water, their effects would certainly so shatter and loosen the frame or the plates of a ship in the proximity of the discharge as to render her unserviceable. It will be noticed that the name of the arm, torpedo gun, includes powers of a kind belonging so far distinctively to torpedo boats.

Many not proficient in such subjects believe that when enormous range is obtained a finality is reached; but such is not the case, save under very exceptional circumstances. When a ship is the platform of a gun it always is an unstable one. The best artillerists believe that two miles is the longest range possible when a fortress is to be attacked. The action at Alexandria was at much closer quarters, the average distance being 2330 yards. Though the sea was like glass, and ranges accurate, the cannonading from the English men-of-war gave poor results.

One very important fact in favor of these pneumatic guns would be the ease and quickness with which they could be constructed. It is not out of the way to advance the idea that a half-dozen pneumatic guns could be built and put in battery while one heavy gun was being cast, forged, turned, rifled, and mounted.

The feasibility of arming small cruisers with such arms has induced the United States to build such a boat. This small craft, of which an outline sketch is given above, will carry two pneumatic dynamite torpedo guns, one 10¼-inch, the other 12¼. The first will carry a shell with 200 pounds of explosive gelatine, equivalent to 326 pounds of gun-cotton, the larger one 400 pounds of explosive gelatine, equivalent to 652 of gun-cotton. The boat is to have a speed of twenty miles an hour. This cruiser will have twin screws and steam steering gear, the helmsman directing the movement of the boat and the fire of her guns. At the close of this month the Secretary of the Navy will be present in person to witness the performances of the gun now established at Fort Lafayette.

THE LAND OF THE MOUNSEER.

By MAX O'RELL.

THE FRENCH AT WAR.

Jacques Bonhomme does not love his army as John Bull loves his.

John gives ovations to his soldiers, showers decorations on their heads, when they return home from a little expedition that will enable him to publish a new map with one more little corner marked in red; but, as I remarked in *John Bull and his Island*, if he goes to a public place of entertainment and meets a soldier in uniform there, away he hurries, exclaiming, "This place is not respectable, soldiers are admitted." In the singular, the warrior loses all his prestige.

Very different are the feelings of Jacques toward his army. He loves it in the singular, because his boy belongs to it (every Frenchman has to serve in the army). In the plural, however, it represents authority, and he is well aware that the army is ready for use as a police force in case he should ever be tempted to make his voice heard too loudly in demanding a reform. This is why French soldiers, in their different garrison towns, live a life apart. They do not mix with the people, and have to put up with "Coventry."

The French army is viewed through many spectacles. The Conservatives see in it the preservers of order; the Radicals a danger to the liberties of the nation; the League of the Patriots call it the Hope of France. To the French Mary Jane it is the repository of tender sentiments; to the tradesman of the garrison town a source of income. Ball-giving ladies like it, because it provides them with dancers who are as ornamental as useful, though the officer's uniform is no longer the gorgeous dress it was in my time, when a lieutenant's full uniform cost from a half to a whole year's pay. French girls have a deep conviction that no man can make love like a young lieutenant; but papa was always apt to frown on him, knowing that this Romeo had generally more gold on his shoulders than in his waistcoat pocket, and that, according to the army regulations, no officer might marry a lady with less than 30,000 francs *dot*.

But here comes the regiment. Let us open the window and have a look at the "Children of France," as Béranger called them.

In front march the *sapeurs*, with their long bushy beards covering their chests. Look at one and you will see them all. *Sapeurs* are all alike; to be able to tell one from another is a proof of marvellous perspicacity. Under the Empire the *sapeurs* used to march with large white leather aprons covering their chest and legs, hatchets over their shoulders, and huge busbies on their heads, and they formed an imposing-looking body. The aprons are now done away with, but the hatchets are retained. Most of the officers' orderlies are taken from this part of the regiment, and it was a pleasant sight to see one of these good fellows, who are mostly middle-aged, fatherly-looking men, with his apron on, leading about the children of some married officer, who made use of him as a dry nurse (not so *dry*, either, for we still say in France, "to drink like a *sapeur*"). These big, kind, bearded nurses were always favorites with their little charges, and are great at telling stories, long stories full of *sez he, sez she* (*qui dit, quelle dit*), ending in the heroine's marrying a general. The office of the *sapeurs* being to precede the regiment and clear away all obstacles that could impede its march, the hatchet was originally a very important part of their accoutrement. But in these days virgin forests are not plentiful in Europe, the high-roads are excellent, and the colonel prefers to use them, so that now the chief utility of the formidable tool is to chop wood to make the pot boil.

Next come the drummers and buglers. How martial they look, with their heads high, every head turned to the right and every bugle parallel, making the air resound with their fanfares! They are very popular with the soldiers. It is the buglers who, with their stirring notes, cheer the men when they show signs of flagging on a long, weary march. I have seen them, at the foot of a steep hill, tired, perhaps, with hours of marching. "Sound the charge," says the colonel, and immediately, as if by magic, the limp legs and backs straighten, and the column of men step out bravely, singing to the notes of the bugle,

> "Il y a la goutte à boire là-haut,
> Il y a la goutte à boire."

The summit of the hill reached, the *goutte* is dispensed by the *cantinière*, and generally takes the form of a small glass of brandy, which, in time of peace, has to be paid for at the rate of a penny the glass. The bugler has no need to pull out his purse; every trooper is ready to treat him. Those of the men who have seen active service can never forget how those same notes that have just cheered them up the hill nerved them when they had to charge the enemy, and know that in many a terrible battle, when the enemy's guns did their deadly work too well, one or two surviving buglers have bravely cheered on the diminished ranks to the last, and perhaps turned the fortune of battle.

Next to the buglers comes the band. The appearance of the bandsmen is not particularly martial; the uniform is a little bit *négligé*. We are in the presence of artists now.

Why the trombone should be the oldest member of the band I have never been able to discover, but it is a fact that he is nine times out of ten a gray-headed, spectacled man, with a grave expression, and three stripes on his sleeves. He feels the weight of his responsibility. It is all very well for the clarionet to take life lightly; if he plays a note a little flat it passes in the general hum of the music without any disastrous consequences, but a wrong note from the trombone, it is awful to think of! So he looks neither to right nor left, and never loses sight of his majestic instrument. As a man who only plays accompaniments, the trombone is modest, and seems to apologize for the noise he makes.

The cornet plays solos, and the applause he has won from the public in the *place d'armes* has made him vain. Holding his instrument in the air, he is not only seen and heard, but can see the effect he produces. He is young and good-looking, waxes his mustache, and is a perfect lady-killer. Cornet-players, like tenors, are conceited.

The flute is reserved. The habit of casting down his eyes on his tiny instrument has made him bashful.

The clarionet is a picture of misery. With head bent down, he looks like a plaintive philosopher giving utterance to his sad views of life.

The masher of the band is the hautboy. His uniform is unimpeachable, and more than once the colonel has frowned on him for showing too much white collar. He gives private lessons in town.

The ophicleide is funereal. His general expression is one of solemnity. The only time his face lights up at all is when he has to play the "Prayer of Moses" as a solo. That is his triumph.

The band-master ranks with the quarter-master. In his numerous leisure hours he composes variations on the principal airs of *William Tell* and *Norma*, a thankless task, seeing that these airs of Rossini and Bellini are good enough for most people in their original form. But it is his pride to see his name on a programme in company with these great ones, and so he works away at his "Airs from *William Tell*, arranged [deranged?] by N——, Band-master of the 42d Light Foot." Just as every English chemist has composed a special tooth-powder, every French band-master has composed an arrangement of *William Tell*.

Here comes the colonel on horseback. He looks sad and care-worn. No wonder! three thousand men to manage, and the variations on *William Tell* to hear every day at dinner.

I pass over the lieutenant-colonel and the chief of squadron to have the pleasure of introducing to you a few subalterns, the non-commissioned officers, and the French Tommy Atkins, who is called "Pitou" by his compatriots.

The married officer keeps to himself, and does his best to keep his wife at home. French susceptibilities, in barracks especially, are soon wounded, and he wants to avoid the possibility of quarrels that might arise from the dear ladies' tattle. He does wool-work in his spare moments, and looks forward to the time when he will be able to retire on his pension. He is a peace-loving man. In the army, matrimony is the grave of glory.

The serious officer is the one who looks for promotion. He is a soldier by profession and by vocation. He studies tactics and military history, and practises fencing, shooting at targets, swimming, and all athletic sports. He has the campaigns of Napoleon at his fingers' end. You will always see him poring over maps. He studies geography and the German language. He is of opinion that when the French can all speak German, the Prussians will have a hard time. As to geography, he is quite right; the knowledge of it is indispensable to the officer. The following anecdote of the Franco-Prussian war will serve as an illustration of it. A general—no less important a man than General Ducrot—had made a *sortie* from Paris and crossed the river Seine. Presently, as he advanced, he came to a river. Being ignorant of the meanders of the Seine in the environs of Paris, he asked:

"Have we already come to the river Marne?"

"No, general; this is the Seine," replied one of the staff-officers near him.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the general; "but then we are retreating!" (*Tableau.*)

The officer of fortune is the one who has not got any—and runs into debt. Give him a wide berth; he is the bully of the regiment, very quick to take offence, and over-ticklish on the point of honor.

The officer who has risen from the ranks is very popular with the soldiers, whose wants he knows much better than do the young lieutenants fresh from the military school. His messmates say, "He is not a gentleman." He is, however, a good soldier, and a trusty, straightforward man. It is true that his manners are not refined. He can speak very fair French, but prefers bad language, and can swear for a quarter of an hour without using the same oath twice. I remember, during the Franco-Prussian war, I happened to be quartered for a day in an aristocratic household in Lorraine with a lieutenant of this type. Trembling at the thought of my worthy friend's unruly member, I seated myself at our host's dinner-table. All went well until the conversation unluckily fell upon military marches, when the lady of the house wanted to know whether the feet did not suffer very much with such a quantity of walking to do every day in the hot weather. "I'll tell you what, ma'am," said he, "you must never wash the feet. I never do. Grease them well with tallow, and they'll be all right." The lady wished she had not spoken. Later on there was a whist party formed in the drawing-room, and my comrade was asked if he would make a fourth at a little table where three old whist-players were already seated ready to enjoy their favorite game. "With pleasure, I'm sure," said he, comfortably installing himself in the empty chair—"only I must tell you I've never played before." The face of the old gentleman opposite, as he looked at him over his spectacles, was a study.

The sergeant-major is pretentious. He will tell you that, if he were a civilian, he could occupy a position that very few officers would be able to fill. When he retires to private life, he boasts of having been a sergeant-major.

The corporal, to be seen in all his glory, must be studied when he has a written report to make to the colonel. He is a good fellow, who rules four men, and defies all rules of grammar. His spelling is phonetic, yet he loves long words, and his reports bristle with such words as *nevertheless*, *notwithstanding*. He is regarded by his four men as an authority on elegant diction. He pronounces French in a marvellous way, using imaginary consonants at the end of his words. For *peu-à-peu* he will say *peu-ta-peu* or *peu-za-peu*, and tell his men that both are French, but that "the second is more elegant." A private may be able to spell, but a corporal never—such is the deep-rooted belief of all French officers. I was present one day when a corporal came to the doctor with one of his men who was unfit for the saddle. The doctor examined him and found him suffering from rheumatism. The corporal proceeded to fill up the requisite form for the man's admission to the nearest military hospital. "Can you spell *rheumatism*, corporal?" said the doctor. "I think I can, doctor, thank you," replied he, saluting. That corporal was Louis Coetloyon, one of the leading journalists of Paris, who had volunteered soon after the outbreak of the war. We had a good laugh over the incident when I told the doctor of his blunder. "What business has he to be a corporal if he can spell?" exclaimed the surgeon, who was a little bit sorry for what had happened.

Pitou serves his country for the modest sum of two cents a day. He receives one cent cash, and the other is placed to his credit until his term of service is over, when he is presented with a sum representing as many cents, *plus* interest, as he has spent days in the army. Of course his pay is not often his only source of revenue. Many soldiers work at some trade inside the barrack, and those who come from the middle classes are well supplied with pocket-money from home; even the peasant's son is sure to receive a little help every month. He rises at five in the morning, and as there is no food served before eight, he goes straight to the canteen and has his *petit verre* (a table-spoonful of brandy). Great fraternity prevails in the barracks. If there are any empty pockets, their owners are not allowed to go short. He who received a little P. O. O. yesterday is always ready to pay. The poor fellow who has nothing but his cent a day is never left out either, and not one of his comrades who treat him would think of alluding to his inability to return their kindness. He is drilled eight hours a day. At 8 A.M. and 4 P.M. he has his *gamelle*, containing a piece of beef, cooked and served in a good thick soup of vegetables. This savory and nourishing repast is eaten with bread, and forms his only food in time of peace. How often during the war, when the officers' dinner was but a dream, have I relished a dish of this appetizing compound brought me by my good orderly!

I cannot relate here the thousands of jokes that the barracks have furnished and will always furnish to the French comic papers. But I cannot refrain from mentioning the curious fact that one finds Hibernianism common among the ranks, while not to be found elsewhere in France. I remember one bull that Paddy might be proud to have perpetrated. Pitou, ordered by a corporal to dig a pit and bury a quantity of rubbish from the yard, is in trouble. He has performed his task, but there is no room in the pit for all the mould which was dug out to make it. So he comes to his corporal to ask what he shall do. "Imbecile," said the corporal, magnificently, "make the pit larger, of course."

In war-time the French soldier is admirable. The good-humor with which he goes through the greatest hardships is simply wonderful. If the provisions are not at hand, he breakfasts off a joke or a song. The only thing that puts him out is to get short weight when the rations of bread, rice, coffee, sugar, and salt are served out. He always goes straightway and weighs them to make sure he has his due, and if there is a deficiency of the tenth of an ounce he will grumble all day; but if his rations are right, he is right, ready for anything the day may bring, merry as a lark. His philosophical way of taking the inevitable, and putting a good face on personal misfortune, is proverbial. At the battle of Worth one of my men had his right hand completely shot away by a shell. Seeing the poor fellow look at his maimed arm as he was being carried away, I went to him and gave him a word of sympathy.

"Ay, *mon lieutenant*," he cried, "I shall have to learn to make cigarettes with one hand."

The whole character of the French soldier is there.

JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

AMONG recent arrivals from England is Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, of the City Temple Church, London. For various reasons much importance attaches to this visit to America of the London divine. Dr. PARKER comes on a special mission. He was on terms the most intimate and confidential with the late HENRY WARD BEECHER. His house was Mr. BEECHER's home on the occasion of the latter's last visit to England. His sympathies were largely with the Brooklyn divine, although in matters of opinion there were many points of divergence. It was natural, all things considered, that Dr. PARKER should be asked to pronounce Mr. BEECHER's eulogy. It was perhaps just as natural that Dr. PARKER should feel himself justified in complying with such a request. To perform this pious duty is therefore the primary cause of the present visit. There is novelty in the situation. Dr. PARKER is an Englishman of the English; HENRY WARD BEECHER was an American of the Americans. There is naturally a certain amount of curiosity to know what this Englishman will have to say of the gifted, brilliant, many-sided American.

Importance attaches to the visit also from the fact that Dr. PARKER is spoken of as a probable successor to Mr. BEECHER. Dr. PARKER is not unknown to the Plymouth congregation. He was a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance Conference which was held in New York in 1873. On that occasion he occupied Mr. BEECHER's platform, and the impression produced by his powerful oratory and his direct practical mode of presenting thought has not yet been completely effaced. Dr. PARKER's name was mentioned in connection with Plymouth pulpit soon after Mr. BEECHER's death. It has often been repeated in the same connection since. It does not appear, however, that any overtures have as yet been made to Dr. PARKER on the subject. He distinctly states that the matter has never been mentioned to him by any one connected with Plymouth Church; and in all that he has said to reporters and others he has uttered nothing to indicate how he might act if a call were tendered him. He did say to his congregation before he left London, in the course of his farewell address, that if anything could induce him to accept a call to America it would be the fact that there were no Dissenters there. This statement he has since so explained as to rob it of any suggestiveness. The one encouraging circumstance which remains to the Plymouth Church people, if they should think of calling him, is that he has not said he would not accept such a call.

It is quite probable that Plymouth people are yet at sea as to a successor to their late pastor; but if they should think of calling Dr. PARKER they would only be following examples set by some of the leading churches in New York—by the Broadway Tabernacle, for example, and by the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church; nor has either of these churches had cause to regret its choice. Of Dr. PARKER's ability there can be no two opinions. His career has been one of very marked success. A native of Hexham, Northumberland, where he was born April 9, 1830, as he himself tells us, with much else besides, in his *Tyne Chyld*, he was educated privately and at University College, London. At an early age he entered the Congregational University, and in 1853 was settled at Banbury, Oxfordshire. In 1858 he accepted a call to Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, a rich and influential society, stipulating that his new charge should release the Banbury congregation of its debt. In 1869, after eleven years of unqualified success in Manchester, he was called to what was known as the Poultney Chapel, London—a building situated close to the Bank of England. When this building was torn down, some years ago, to make way for a business structure, it was decided, in harmony with Dr. PARKER's wishes, to build near the old centre, in preference to following society to the wealthy suburbs. The City Temple, in High Holborn, was built—an elegant and spacious structure, with an audience-room capable of holding over two thousand people. Here Dr. PARKER, Sunday after Sunday, morning and evening, preaches and lectures to intelligent and admiring crowds, and here every Thursday he has a forenoon service which is largely attended by the merchants and bankers of the neighborhood. There has been no such successful week-day service in the city since HENRY MELVILLE delivered the Golden Lectures and poured forth his sonorous sentences in St. Margaret's, Lothbury. Here too every word which he utters is taken down in short-hand, copied, and sent to the printer. Periodically his utterances appear in book form, and it is perfectly safe to say that Dr. PARKER's utterances are more largely reproduced, both in Great Britain and America, than those of any other living man. Of middle size, stoutly built, strong-featured, head resting firmly on his shoulders, fully informed, direct and practical in his mode of thinking, given somewhat to the use of ponderous polysyllabic words, and gifted with a deep, powerful voice, Dr. PARKER speaks from the pulpit as a man having authority. In his own church he wears the Geneva gown. In 1884 he was chairman of the Congregational Union, and by common consent he pronounced one of the most elaborate and powerful discourses ever delivered from the chair of that body.

The Doctor is a voluminous author, his books consisting of matter made use of in the pulpit. They are too numerous to mention; but they are of such a character as to reveal a singularly receptive as well as active and productive mind. His *Ecce Deus*, coming as it did in the wake of Professor SEELEY's *Ecce Homo*, was perhaps the first of his works which secured him the attention of the thinking few. Although not to be compared in point of literary ability with *Ecce Homo*, it is at once an able and a fair presentation of the other side of its momentous subject. His most ambitious work, now in course of publication, and which when completed is to fill twenty-five volumes, is what he calls *The People's Bible*. It is a sort of MATTHEW HENRY's commentary, produced under the conditions of the nineteenth century.

The Doctor supplies Plymouth Church pulpit on Sunday, October 2. The oration on BEECHER will be delivered in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on October 4 or 10, the latter day being the fortieth anniversary of Mr. BEECHER's first sermon in Plymouth Church after his acceptance of the pastorate. Under the direction of Major POND he will then deliver a course of lectures, visiting the different cities of the Union and of Canada. It was at one time his intention to visit Australia. The Doctor will not reappear in his own pulpit until the second Sunday in April, 1888.

FAITH-HEALING.

AMONG the noticeable phenomena of later nineteenth-century civilization are the institutions and literature connected with the faith-healing movement. In Boston and New York, in England, Germany, and Switzerland, establishments for the healing of all who are diseased, so-called colleges for the training of practitioners, and gatherings of believers for the propagation of their ideas and practices, are persistently advertised, and attract many curious and interested visitors. The press eagerly publishes alleged instances of the cure of cancers, tumors, paralysis, spinal disease, consumption, chronic rheumatism, and other diseases, by the power of God through the faith of the patients, and sometimes of the patients' friends.

Faith-healing conventions, held so frequently at the great centres of population, hear some startling statements from those who are apparently intelligent and sincere witnesses to their own cure or to the cure of others. They also hear teachings, seemingly not less veracious, which enforce attention by their strangeness, and which demand the closest scrutiny before acceptance. These conventions are not of any particular sect, but include members of all evangelical, and even of heterodox, denominations. Roman Catholics are occasionally included. At a New York assembly, held in the fall of 1884, it was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church who emphatically insisted, and that with the manifest approbation of the audience, that "sickness retards spirituality; sickness is bondage to the devil. I have the right to ask the Lord to take away my sickness, and the Lord is bound to take it away. The devil is the author of sickness; healing of the soul implies healing of the body. A holy life must go with the acceptance of these truths." "There is no need for any one to be sick; sickness is from the hand of Satan," asserted a quondam Presbyterian divine, now an independent pastor of an independent church. Mrs. Baxter, a persuasive lady from England, argued that there is no more doubt about the Divine will to save the body from sickness than to save the soul from sin; maintained that it is the Christian's privilege to die only from old age, and in proof thereof cited the example of Moses, who did the hardest work of any day of his life just before he died. Others spoke of the recovery of sight. One gentleman testified that his son had been healed of what Drs. Whittemore, Richardson, and Porter, of Harvard Medical College, pronounced to be cancerous tumor, Dr. Porter affirming it to be "the most malignant type of cancer," and appointing the hour of 10 A.M. for surgical operation upon it. Instead of submitting to the proposed excision, the father, after conversation and contact of himself and son with parties who had been healed, took his boy to the house of Dr. Gordon, where Dr. Peck anointed him for recovery. In a few weeks the cancer wholly disappeared. At the request of a physician on the platform forty-one persons rose in the audience to testify that they had been cured by God, through faith, of consumption, cancer, tumor, and organic disease of the heart. Fifty more testified that they had been healed of otherwise incurable disorders.

Near the close of these conventions it is not unusual to anoint with oil those who have ailments, and to unite with them in supplication for healing. Unbelievers are commonly requested to retire. James, v. 14, 15, is adduced in justification of the ceremony, but the procedure is not always in harmony with his instructions. The "elders of the church," duly and formally to be convoked for the occasion, are generally conspicuous by their absence, either because uninvited, or because they hold that the miraculous "gift of healing" was a special endowment of primitive Christian times, and not at all needful in the present. Volunteers or a self-constituted committee take their place. Intense but subdued excitement accompanies the administration of the rite. The anointed are told that "prayer should make every appeal a finished transaction at that moment," that they must believe that they receive the boon sought, and that, with or without evidence, they are healed. In this confidence they must abide, notwithstanding any symptoms, however alarming, of the old disease or the lack of physical proof of recovery. Each must obey "the gospel of letting yourself alone." Throughout the whole procedure, as always, manipulators and teachers explicitly affirm that Divine power is the efficient cause of healing, and that Divinely selected individuals are merely the formal causes; that the Holy Spirit selects whom He will as His instruments. Not every true believer—according to most—enjoys this healing function. Anointing is not essential. "God can and does heal without anointing, which is the ring, sealing what is already done." That healing is without medicine or human means, and by God alone, is the almost if not quite invariable teaching. The healing exercise of His power by the Omnipotent is held to be conditioned on the entire consecration to His service of body, soul, and spirit, henceforth and forever, by every one who seeks to experience it, on the full and abiding persuasion that it is His will that the patient should be perfectly cured, and on the confidence that He does heal, and that the patient is healed—with or without physical proof.

Are these alleged cases of faith-healing, or healing through faith—whichever form of expression may be preferred—real? is a question that naturally springs up in the minds of unprejudiced inquirers. To this question carefully guarded answers ought to be returned. The first is that many of them are not real. Of those subjected to the peculiar methods of faith-healers, in homes instituted for their reception, many are confessedly not cured at all. Hitherto no reports have been issued by these establishments showing the number received, the number healed, and the number discharged as incurable. Certain it is that excellent ministers of the gospel who proclaim their own complete cure are still sufferers from functional or organic complaints. What credence can be given to the testimony of a pale and haggard woman who, unable to stand except as she supports herself by leaning on the back of a pew, is urged to declare that she is wholly cured? Yet such a spectacle has been lately witnessed in a Pennsylvanian city. Failures in the case of persons who thought and said they were healed are numerous and notorious. The principal cause of such failures is said to be want of faith; that the subsequent straining to see symptoms of cure, and the solicitous examinations of the afflicted part, were evidences of unbelief and occasions of failure. "Why do so many die so soon after healing?" is a question which, at the New York meeting heretofore mentioned, received the answer, "Of the thousands I have seen healed, most are with us still." That may have been true, and yet it may also have been true that the minority were never healed at all. Of 150 cases occurring in a period of ten years, and reported in two volumes entitled *Faith-Cures*, the Rev. Dr. A. F. Schauffler finds that 71 were only benefited, but not cured, and that 27 are so obscurely described that nothing can be made of them. This leaves 52 cases of genuine cure, if the testimony of the patients be accepted as conclusive. Many of the asserted healings are manifestly cases of slow convalescence, and, as such, illustrations of the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or healing tendency of nature. This, agreeably to the testimony of all physicians, is a more important factor in recovery from disease than all the drugs known to the pharmacopœia.

The second answer is that in many cases the healing, as reported, is not proven. The warrantable conjecture is that the subject was mistaken as to the facts. Thus a prominent Philadelphian stated that a lady whose legs were broken, her shoulder dislocated, and two of her ribs fractured was healed so that she walked on the following day; but he judiciously added that he did not know whether her doctor, who was converted to the faith-healing doctrine by her experience, was living to testify to the facts. In this instance, as in that of the asserted growth of eyeballs from mere remnants, and in that of the disappearance of malignant cancer, scientific and trustworthy testimony is required. One of the most conspicuous and influential of the faith-healing exponents, whose sincerity is to all appearance as unquestionable as his former treatment for insanity, has frequently insisted that his own wife is an example of the truth of his doctrines. The facts, as reported by one of the physicians in attendance upon her at the time, are that the expositor declared that all prayers had been useless, notwithstanding the simultaneous employment of seven doctors. Fearing that a simple act of surgical manipulation had been neglected, the physician in question examined his patient, discovered that his conjecture was correct, rendered the necessary assistance, and the excellent matron recovered forthwith.

A third answer is that many of the asserted instances of healing through faith are simply recoveries from local nervous irritation or hysteria. Abnormal states of the nervous system frequently induce the belief that certain diseases exist, when in reality there is no disease whatsoever. F. C. Skey, F.R.S., lecturing on hysteria, without any regard to faith-healing phenomena, says: "It may be asserted with truth that every part of the body may become, under provocation, the seat of an apparent disease that in reality does not exist—that it may and often does assume all the attributes of reality, with an exactness of imitation which nothing short of careful and accurate diagnosis can distinguish from real disease." "Organic diseases are never cured in this way, I think," is the comment of a distinguished American physician; "but those maladies which consist in low spirits and nervous prostration are."

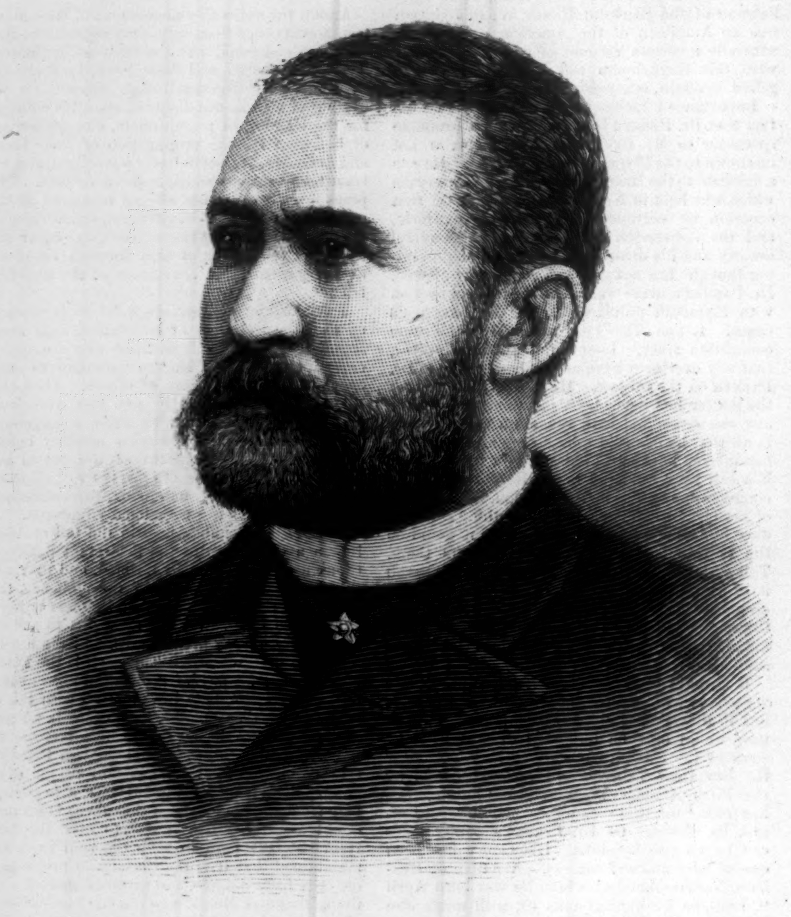
The fourth answer is that genuine cases of faith-healing are doubtless numerous. The orthodox theologian is prompt to reply that God does frequently heal of functional disease when the subject of prayer is fully consecrated to His service, believes it to be the Divine will that he should be healed, and that the Lord does heal him. The philosophic scientist, *a fortiori*, is not slow to assert that cures of functional disease are numerous in cases from which the religious element is altogether excluded. Real sensations are undoubtedly producible by mental states. Writers like Dr. W. B. Carpenter, on the principles of *Mental Physiology*, produce convincing proof that "the continued concentration of attention upon a certain idea gives it a dominant power, not only over the mind, but over the body, and the muscles become the involuntary instruments by which it is carried into operation." Nor is the influence of this state of expectant attention less powerful in modifying the processes of nutrition and secretion. Volitional direction of consciousness to a part of the body "suffices to call forth sensations in it which seem to depend upon a change in its circulation, and if this state be kept up automatically by the attraction of the attention the change may become a source of modification, not only in functional action, but in the nutrition of the part."

"That the confident expectation of a cure is the most potent means of bringing it about, doing that which no medical treatment can accomplish, may be affirmed as the generalized result of experiences of the most varied kind, extending through a long series of ages." Metallic tractors, gold and silver coins, horse-chestnuts carried in the pockets, water from the Virgin's spring at Lourdes or from the Croton Reservoir, bits of plaster from the Roman Catholic chapel at Knock, Ireland, or mayhap from the nearest horse stable, the invocations of Prince Hohenlohe, commands of Dr. Vernon or the Zouave

Jacob, and the unctuous manipulations of modern faith-healers, are alike efficacious in working some real cures. But the true explanation of such phenomena is in the power of mind over matter—in the faith of the cured. "For although there can be no doubt that in a great number of cases the patients have *believed* themselves to be cured when no real amelioration of their condition had taken place, yet there is a large body of trustworthy evidence that permanent amendment of a kind perfectly obvious to others has shown itself in a great variety of local maladies when the patients have been sufficiently possessed by the expectation of benefit, and by faith in the efficacy of the means employed." What bearing this latter class of facts has upon the doctrines of revealed religion it is not necessary here to discuss. If the faith of the sick, as explained by Dr. Carpenter and other eminent physiologico-psychologists, that men and things have power to heal, does, under certain circumstances, so affect the nervous system, the character and circulation of the blood, and the nutrition of the body, as to produce the effect desiderated, then there can be no difficulty in accepting the doctrine that faith in the healing power of the One Personal Intelligence, immanent in and yet distinct from all things, does by substantially similar process produce like results.

That good and true men are not infallible is a proposition that it would be sheer waste of time and space to argue. Conceding all that may be claimed in respect of moral excellency by and for the advocates of faith-healing, it is still obvious that they have fallen into several grievous errors. If their teaching about sickness be true, then some of the brightest saints of Christianity have been unspiritual, sinful, and in bondage to the devil—light is darkness, sweet is bitter, and Christian consciousness a delusion. For a sick person to believe, as commanded by them, that he is healed, in the absence of positive sensory evidence to the contrary, is to set good sense at naught. If the cat's mew be in the pantry, the cat is there too. The refusal to administer medicine to the sick—except as advice and prayer may be regarded as medicine—is simply fanatical. Providence ordinarily uses judicious physical means to accomplish beneficent physical ends. In some instances the civil authorities have been compelled to intervene to save victims from death in consequence of utter neglect to use proper means for their preservation.

Richard Wheatley.



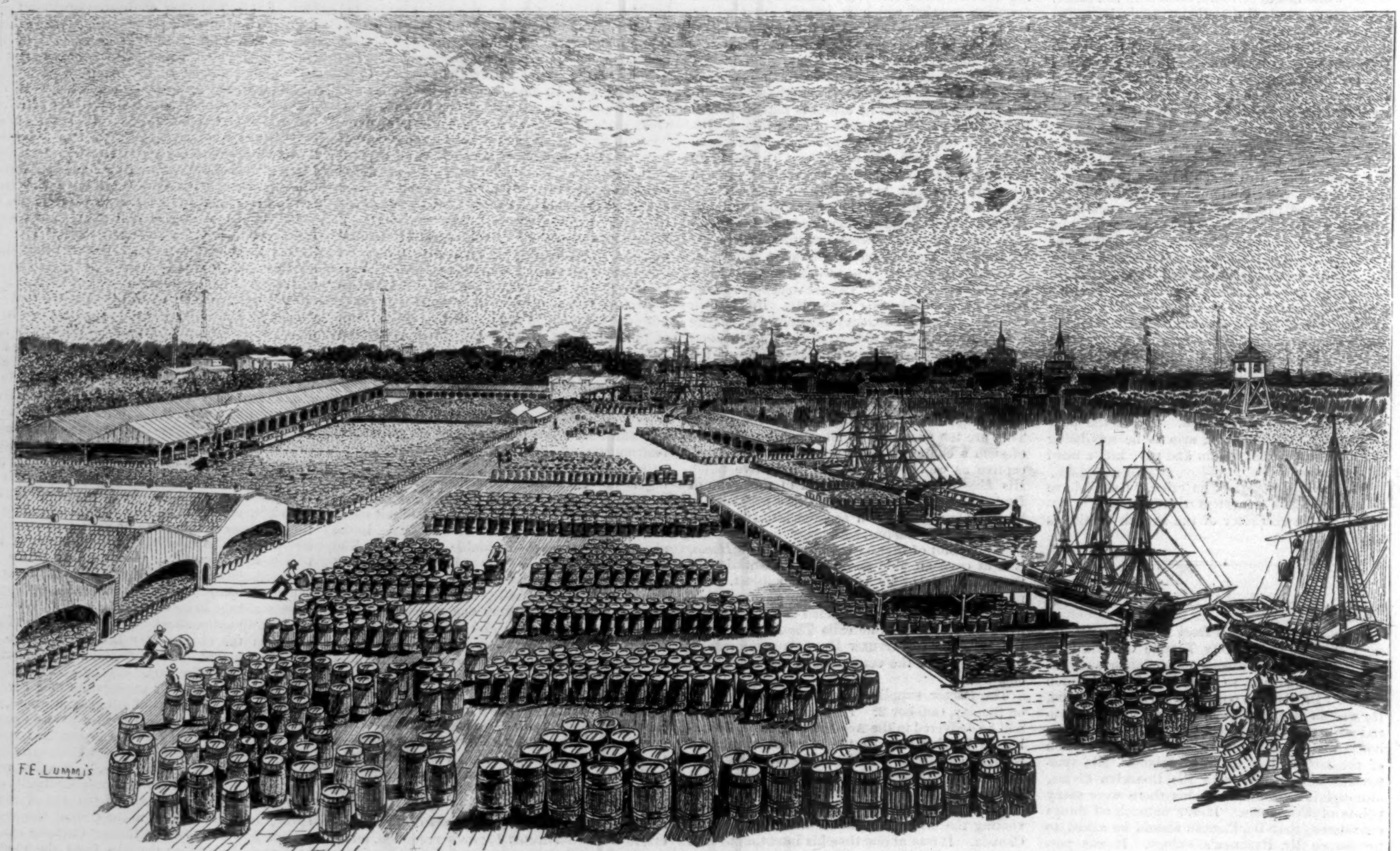
COLONEL FREDERICK DENT GRANT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR SECRETARY OF STATE, NEW YORK.

COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT.

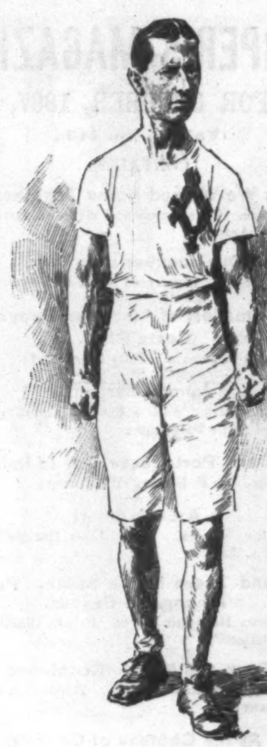
Colonel Frederick Dent Grant, eldest son of the late General U. S. **Grant**, was unanimously nominated by acclamation for the office of Secretary of State by the Republican Convention which met at Saratoga on the 14th of September. Colonel **Grant** was born at St. Louis on the 30th of May, 1850, after his father had resigned his captaincy in the army and settled down to a business life in that city. He was with his father in the Vicksburg campaign, and was present at the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson. He also accompanied the General in the subsequent campaigns in Virginia, though too young for actual military service. His early education had been obtained in the public schools of St. Louis and Galena, and on reaching the age of sixteen he was appointed a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point, where he acquitted himself with great credit. He received the appointment of Second Lieutenant in the 4th United States Cavalry, June 12, 1871. He spent two years on outpost duty in the far West, and was promoted to First Lieutenant. In March, 1873, he was made aide-de-camp on the staff of General **Philip H. Sheridan**, whose headquarters were then at Chicago, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He continued in that position until June 1, 1881, when he resigned from the army. In parting with him General **Sheridan** expressed his high appreciation of his "soldierly qualities" and his earnest wishes for his future success. He soon afterward married the daughter of H. H. **Honoré**, a wealthy citizen of Chicago, and for some time took no active part in business of any kind. Much of his time was spent in New York with his father's family. He had no connection, real or nominal, with the firm of **Grant & Ward**, but lost considerable money by investing in Mr. **Ward**'s delusive schemes. During his father's last illness Colonel **Grant** spent much time in devoted attendance upon him, and assisted him materially in the preparation of his memoirs. He took charge of his mother's interests in the publication and sale of this work and in other matters, and with his wife and two children continues to live with her in the city of New York. He was for a time a director in the New York Steam-heating Company, but withdrew from it some months ago. Last winter Governor **Hill** appointed him to the position of Quarantine Commissioner, to succeed **Thomas C. Platt**, but, owing to political complications at Albany, the appointment was not confirmed. After the adjournment of the Legislature Mr. **Platt** wrote to the Governor offering to resign on the assurance that Colonel **Grant** would be named for his place, which assurance was not given. He has never held any public office. In personal appearance he bears a striking resemblance to his father, but is of larger build.

A WHARF SCENE IN SAVANNAH.

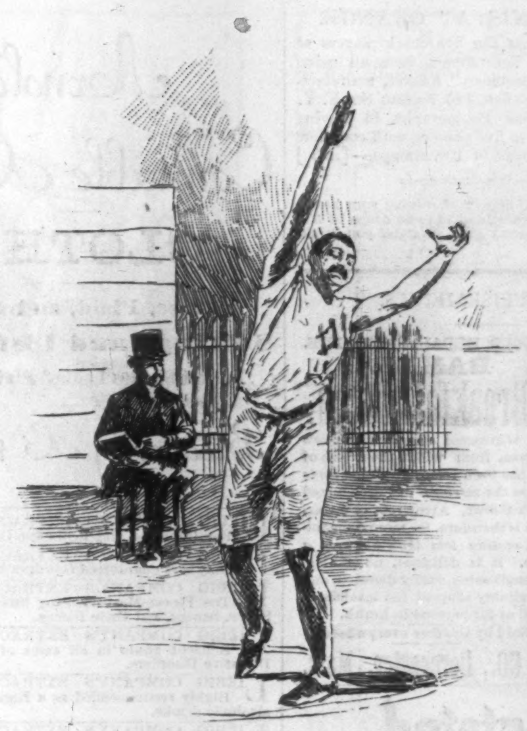
It is not cotton, rice, lumber, which cumber alone the wharves of Savannah, the shipping port of Georgia. Years ago, before the civil war, when school-boys studied their geographies, it was "pitch, tar, and turpentine" which were the main products of North Carolina, and Wilmington was the depot for those substances, known generally as "naval stores." The war changed a great many things. Industries which existed in certain States were developed, and with the construction of railroads greater facilities for transportation were afforded. The lumbering interests of Georgia were always of great importance, and during the last fifteen years greater attention has been paid to the production of turpentine, and its residuum after distillation, which is rosin. With Wilmington, Savannah is the great receiver of these products of the pine-tree; and a large proportion of the turpentine and rosin the world uses is derived from Savannah. When we read, then, according to the latest trade reports, that the stock of turpentine and rosin now in Savannah amounted to nearly ninety thousand barrels, some idea of the magnitude of the business can be understood. The sketch Mr. **Horace Bradley** has drawn represents a wharf and storehouses in Savannah packed with barrels containing rosin. The demand for turpentine as a solvent for varnishes and mixture with paints is a constant one, but the great use of rosin is for the manufacture of the commoner grades of soap. Rosin in soap is not to be considered as an adulteration, because when rosin is united with an alkali an excellent detergent is the result. In certain proportions it takes the place of the animal hydrocarbons. By rail, by ships, this vast stock of turpentine and rosin is always being carried out of Savannah. Back of this extensive wharf lies the city of Savannah, with its church steeples and public buildings. Those high erections support the electrical lights which illuminate the city. To facilitate transportation a railroad track runs through certain portions of the wharf, so that without extra hauling or handling the barrels are brought to their destination. When the demand is lively, such a wharf presents an animated scene. Colored laborers are rolling barrels in all directions, while gangs of coopers are in attendance, repairing staves and adding new hoops. Ships from all parts of the world are at the wharf, and take in their cargoes. This business in turpentine and rosin is becoming of great importance to Savannah, and with cotton and rice makes her one of the largest of our Southern shipping ports.



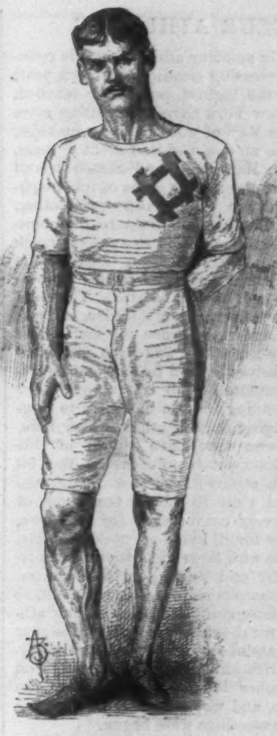
WHARF SCENE IN SAVANNAH.—After a Sketch by Horace Bradley.



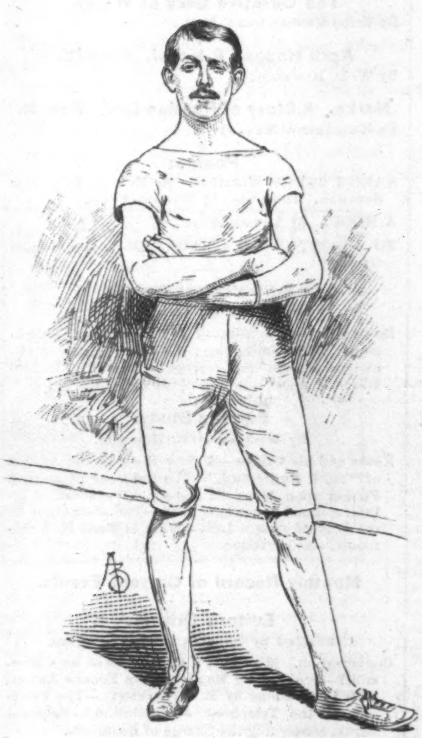
E. D. LANGE.



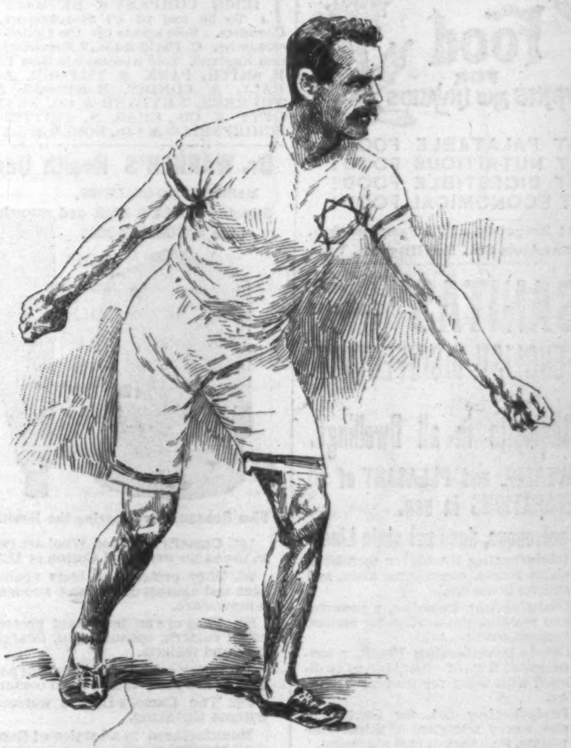
F. L. LAMBRECHT.



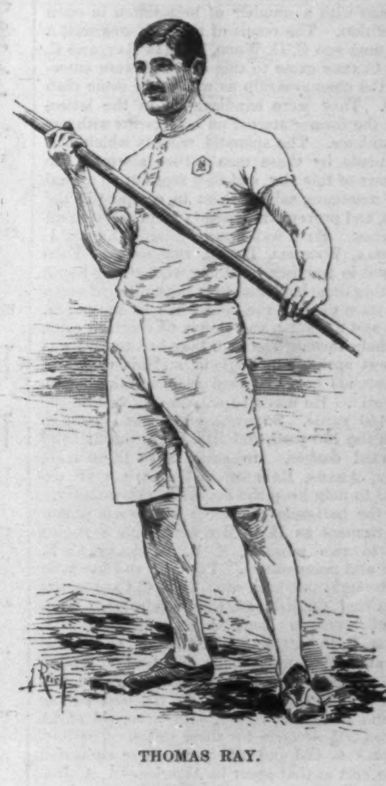
W. BYRD PAGE.



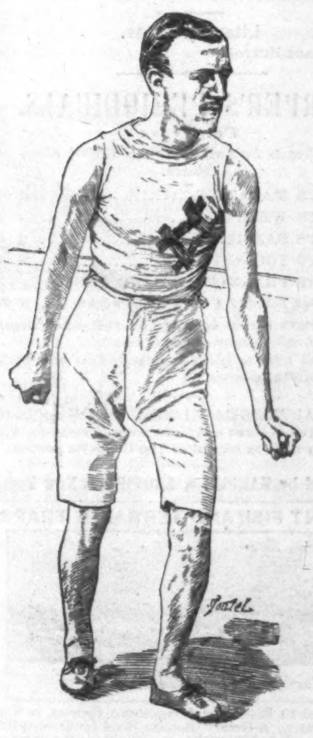
C. W. V. CLARKE.



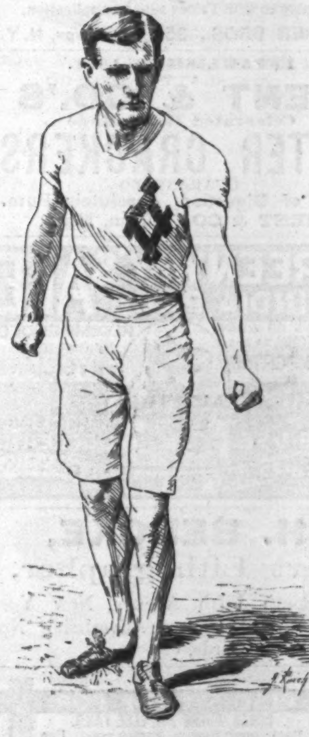
C. G. WOOD.



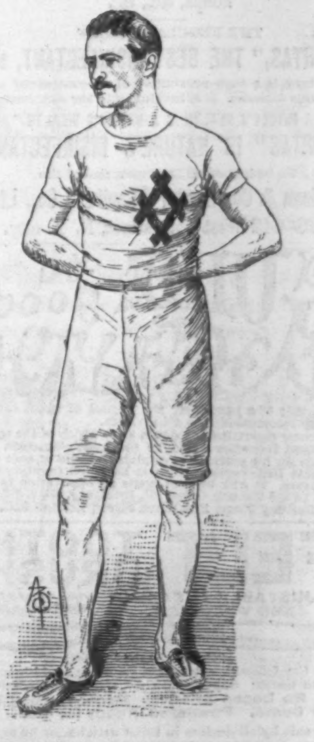
THOMAS RAY.



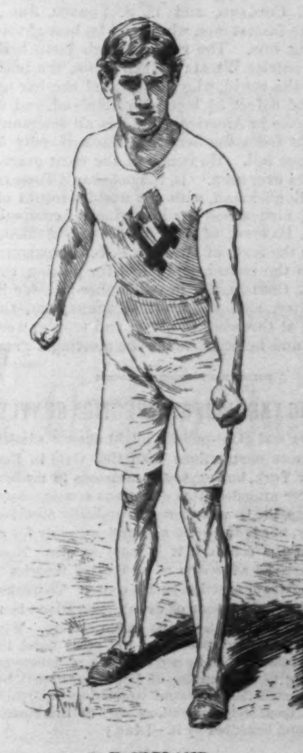
W. C. WHITE.



H. L. MITCHELL.



H. S. YOUNGS, JUN.



A. F. COPLAND.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CONTESTANTS AT THE ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES, MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB GROUNDS.—[See Page 694.]

AMATEUR ATHLETICS.

THE interest in amateur athletics in this country has been increasing steadily with each year, and is now at the highest point ever reached. The youth of New York have been getting more and more in the way of good out-door exercise, and there can be no doubt of its benefit to them. The New York, Manhattan, and Staten Island athletic clubs are the leading clubs of this neighborhood, and all are on a prosperous footing. The New York Club has one of the best-appointed club-houses in this city, and an excellent track at Mott Haven. The Manhattan Club has its club-house on Fifth Avenue, and further uptown the grounds are conveniently located. The club-house is a comparatively recent addition, and was a rather heavy undertaking for the club. But the members are ambitious, and have succeeded in placing themselves beyond fear of embarrassment. The Manhattan Club has always been active both in sending its own members to England and in bringing English athletes over here, and the enterprise they have shown in this direction has done much to increase the interest in local athletics. Down on Staten Island the local club has over ten acres of grounds, with every convenience for members, and every facility for all kinds of out-door sports. Many other clubs with large memberships can be found in the city and throughout the country. Every year a championship meeting is held, to which each of these clubs sends its leading athletes to contest for the championship for the year in the various feats of strength, speed, and endurance. The twelfth annual meeting was held on Saturday, September 17th, at the grounds of the Manhattan Club, and was the most notable one held since these meetings were begun.

Early this year several of our best athletes went over to England, and returned home a short time ago with a number of prizes won in open competition. The result of the visit was that a short time ago C. G. WOOD, THOMAS RAY, and C. W. V. CLARKE came to this city, and were entered in the championship as well as in some club games. They were handicapped in the latter, but in the former started on level terms with our own athletes. The splendid records which had been made by these men rather alarmed the amateurs of this city, and they sent out an appeal to all amateurs, asking them to compete in the games, and prevent the visitors from carrying off the prizes. Such well-known men as EVERT, J. WENDELL, WENDELL BAKER, BROOKS, and FORD were not in training, but there were strong hopes of getting them back into the ranks. Defeat seemed to stare them in the face, when MURPHY of St. Louis and SHERRILL and BAKER of Harvard came in to help them. The man they had to beat was the best sprinter in England, and his record of 21⅗ seconds in a 220 yard dash was the best in the world. He was also remarkably fast at 100 and 440 yards. SHERRILL was looked upon to win in the 100 yard, and MURPHY in the 220 and 440 yard dashes. In addition to these men, WHITE, ADAMS, BRADISH, and BANKS were expected to help keep the honors in this country.

In the half-mile run there were such prominent runners as H. L. MITCHELL, with a record close to two minutes, E. B. HINCKLEY, C. E. SMITH, and many others. The mile and five mile runs brought out such men as E. C. CARTER, the naturalized Englishman, who won a large number of races in England this summer, J. J. ARCHER, P. D. SKILLMAN, and others. In the one mile and three mile walks the best short-distance walker in this country, E. D. LANGE, was pitted against C. W. V. CLARKE, the best walker England could send over, with a record of 21 minutes 25⅕ seconds for three miles. The hurdle races at 120 and 220 yards were contested by the best at that sport in America—A. A. JORDAN, A. F. COPLAND, and H. S. YOUNGS, Jun., three of the fastest men who could be brought to the starting line. The running high jump had among its entries WILLIAM BYRD PAGE, the best jumper in the world, who has cleared the bar at a height of 6 feet 3¼ inches in England, and 6 feet 2½ inches in America. This is all the more remarkable from the fact that PAGE is only 5 feet 6 inches tall. He is one of the most graceful jumpers ever seen. In the pole vault THOMAS RAY, the Englishman, with the world's record of 11 feet 6⅝ inches, had for his principal competitor H. H. BAXTER, of the New York Athletic Club. In the feats of strength F. L. LAMBRECHT, who holds the record of 43 feet for putting the shot, F. L. COUDON, the best hammer-thrower in this country, and C. A. J. QUECKBERNER, the champion at throwing the 56-pound weight, were all there, and helped to make the meeting a great success.

REMOVING A SERIOUS OBSTRUCTION GENTLY.

DYNAMITE and giant-powder might answer admirably to remove obstructions from Hell Gate in East River, New York, but explosive measures in medication are ever attended with disastrous consequences. For instance, the bowels cannot be violently drenched with safety, nor is there the slightest necessity for so doing. On the contrary, it is most unwise. None but the purblind adherents of antiquated theories in medicine advise or sanction such a course. To weaken the intestines—the effect of drastic purgation—is to compromise the health of the entire system. With Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, on the other hand, the bowels are relaxed, not by a convulsion of nature approximating to an eruption of Mt. Popocatapetl, but gradually, beneficially, without wrenching or drenching. The liver and stomach, as well as the bowels, are toned and benefited by it.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

GOOD TENNIS AT ORANGE.

IT was noticed that the five crack players at the recent Orange Tournament were all using the celebrated "Beeckman" Racket, manufactured by PECK & SNYDER, 126 Nassau St., N. Y. PECK & SNYDER send Photographs, in playing costume, of the above five players, with complete Tennis rules, on receipt of 10c. stamps.—[*Adv.*]

IN order to avoid all danger of ruining your health by drinking impure water, add 10 to 20 drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to every glass of water you drink.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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INFANTS AND INVALIDS

THE MOST PALATABLE FOOD!
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25c., 50c., $1.—At Druggists.—Ill'd Pamphlet free.
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The GREAT ENGLISH DISINFECTANT.

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"SANITAS" **Disinfecting Fluid,** for sprinkling about rooms, disinfecting linen, and general house use.

"SANITAS" **Disinfecting Powder,** a powerful and pleasant preparation for stables, kennels, ashbins, &c.

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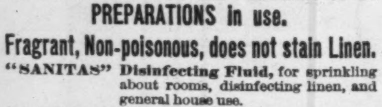

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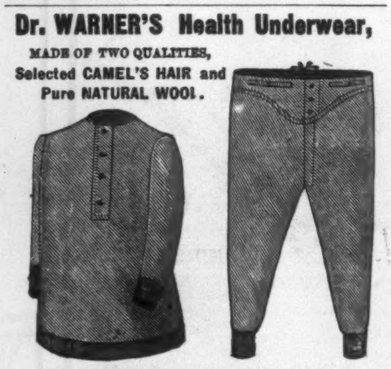

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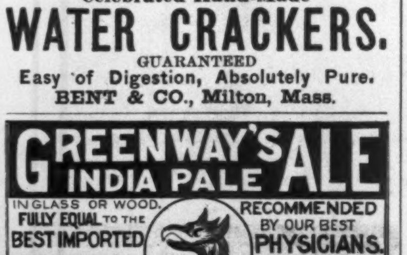

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Frontispiece. Illustration for Wither's Love Song. By E. A. ABBEY;

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By KATE FIELD. Illustrated by A. B. FROST;

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By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART;

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A Story. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON;

The Curative Uses of Water.
By TITUS MUNSON COAN, M.D.;

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By W. D. HOWELLS;

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By KATHLEEN O'MEARA;

Poems:
AARON BURR'S WOOING. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE;
A MOOD. By AMÉLIE RIVES;
TO A MOST COMELY LADY. By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY;

Editor's Easy Chair.
By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.
De te Fabula Narratur.—The Functions of Government; Wise Limitations; the Wisdom also of Occasional Excess.—Self-respecting Courtesy.—Buffalo Bill in England.—A Trio of Good Women.

Editor's Study.
By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
Keats and his Critics.—A New Book by the Author of "Mark Rutherford."—The Influence of English Fiction upon American Society.—The Want of an International Copyright Law.—The Difficulties in the Way of such a Law.—What is Read in Wardrooms.—A Correction.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Editor's Drawer.
Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.
Conversation.—Miss Lucy's Choice.—Was he a Mormon?—Der Coming Man (CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS, with Illustrations by M. J. SWEENEY).—The Pleasures of the Telephone.—A Solution.—Sergeant Blank, concerning the Charge of Balaklava.

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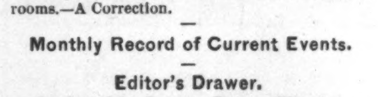

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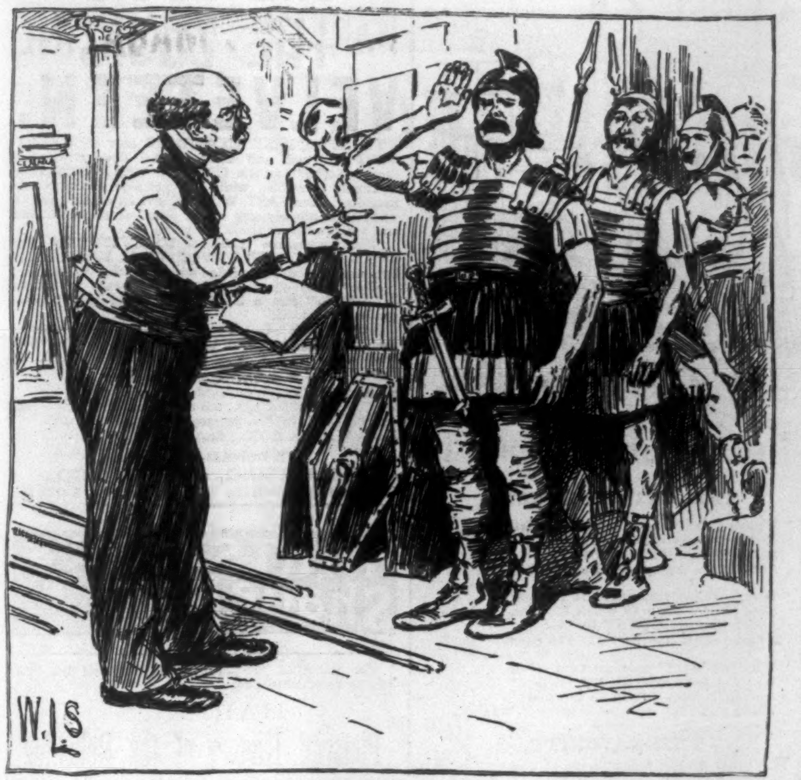


PHONETIC CUES.

PROMPTER (*to leader of supers at dress rehearsal of the stirring Roman drama "Right against Might"*). "Now, are you all right with the cue?"

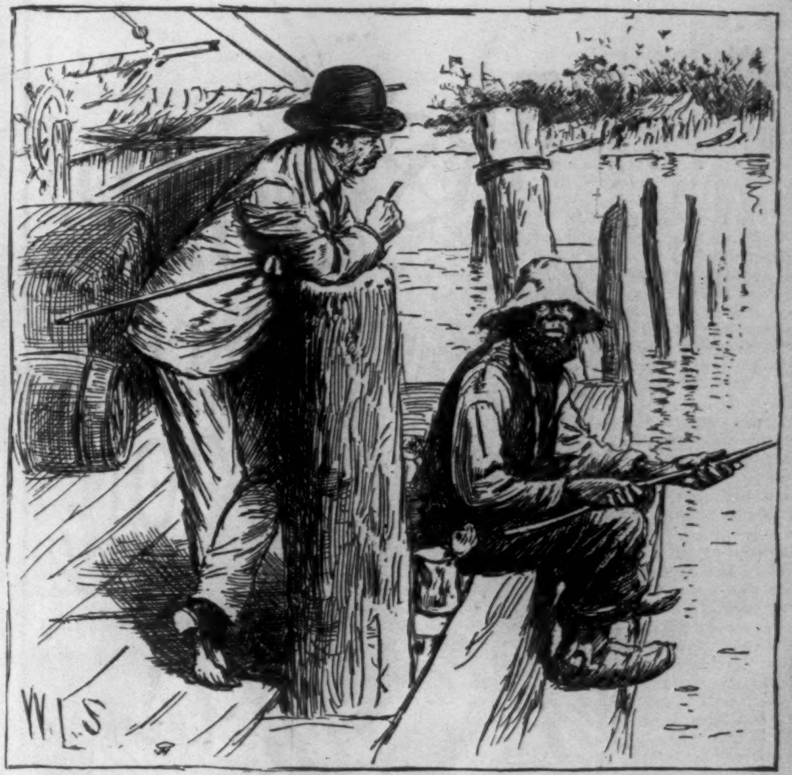
LEADER. "I am so, sir. Whin the man in the sheet [toga?] hollers to the gurrul—"

PROMPTER. "The *girl!*"

LEADER. "'Katy Field,' we get ready, and whin he sings out 'Rum and Crackers'—"

PROMPTER. (*frantic*). "'Caitiff yield'—'Rome and Gracchus,' stupid!"

LEADER. "Jesso, sir—we are to go for the chap in the brass wistcoat."



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

TRAVELLER (*waiting for the boat*). "Fish seem to bite slow, uncle."

FISHERMAN. "Dey don't bite *'tall* when folks is talkin to me, boss."

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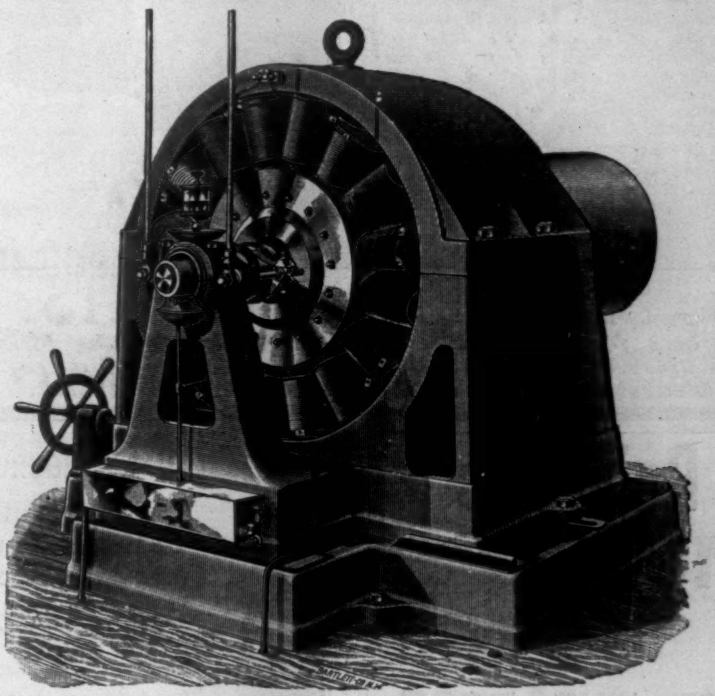

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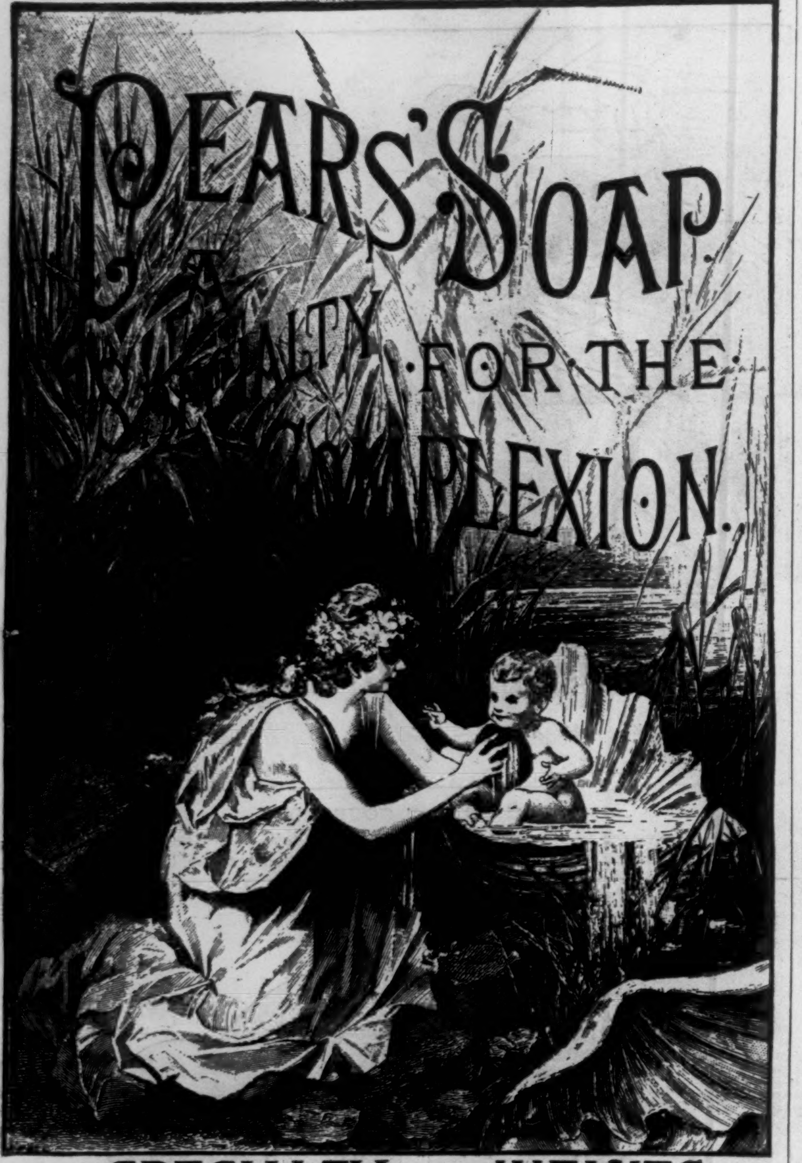
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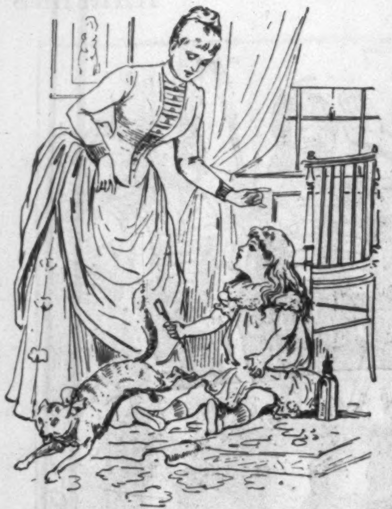

THE CAT OBJECTED.

"What's this?" cries mamma, in affright,
As pussy runs by, all bedight,
In Susy's bib—its fur all wet
And its staring eyes in frenzy set.

"Why, nothing, mamma—but I thought
That Kitty's teeth to brush I ought,
And I like SOZODONT so well
I knew she'd like its taste and smell."

"What an idea?" poor mamma cried,
"Wasting your SOZODONT beside!"
And little Susy felt quite crushed
When told that cats' teeth are not brushed.

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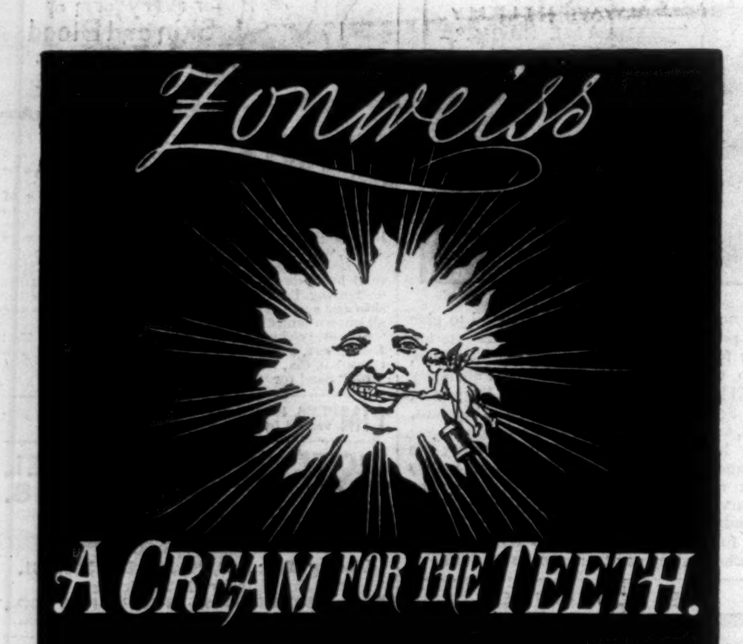

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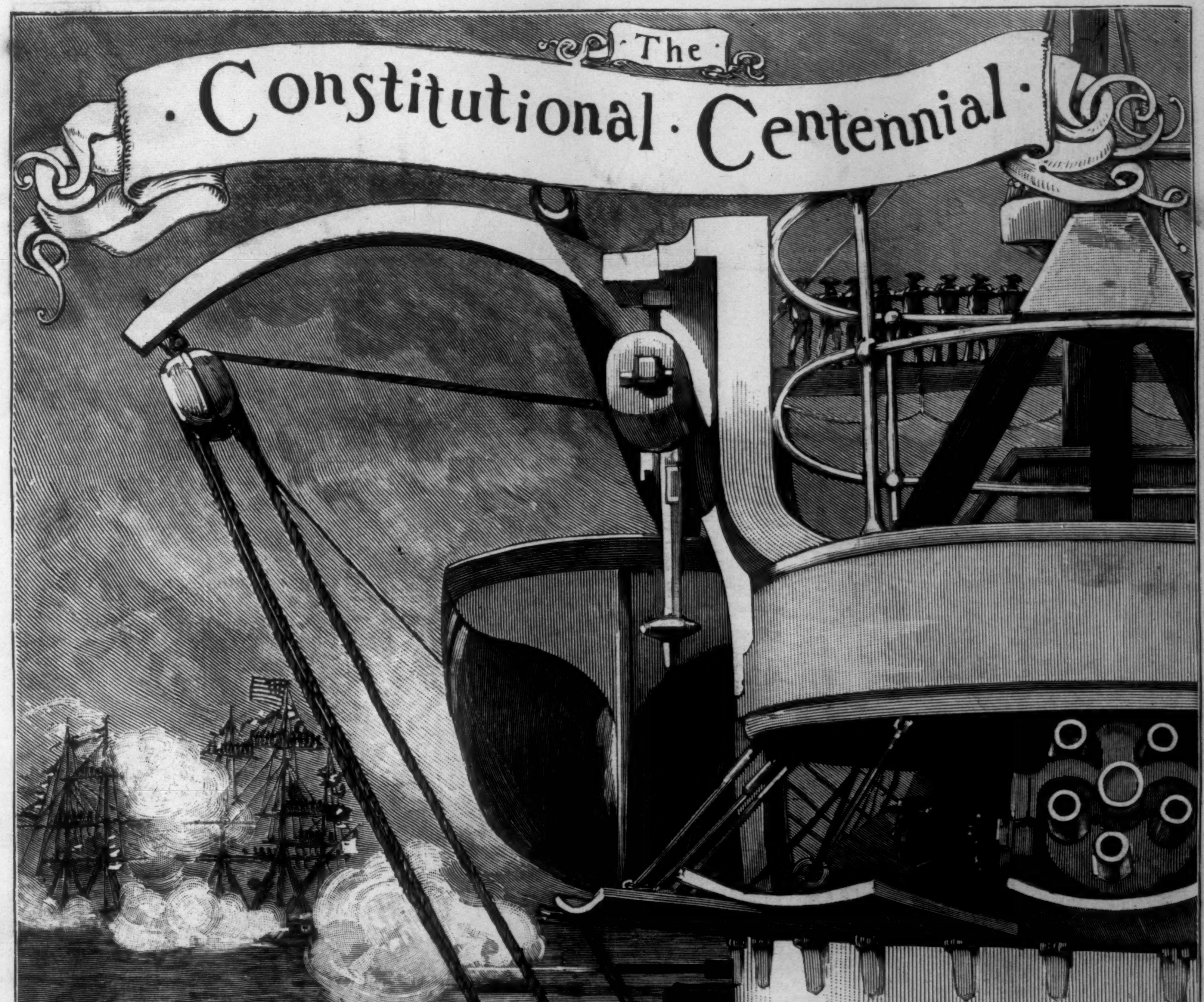
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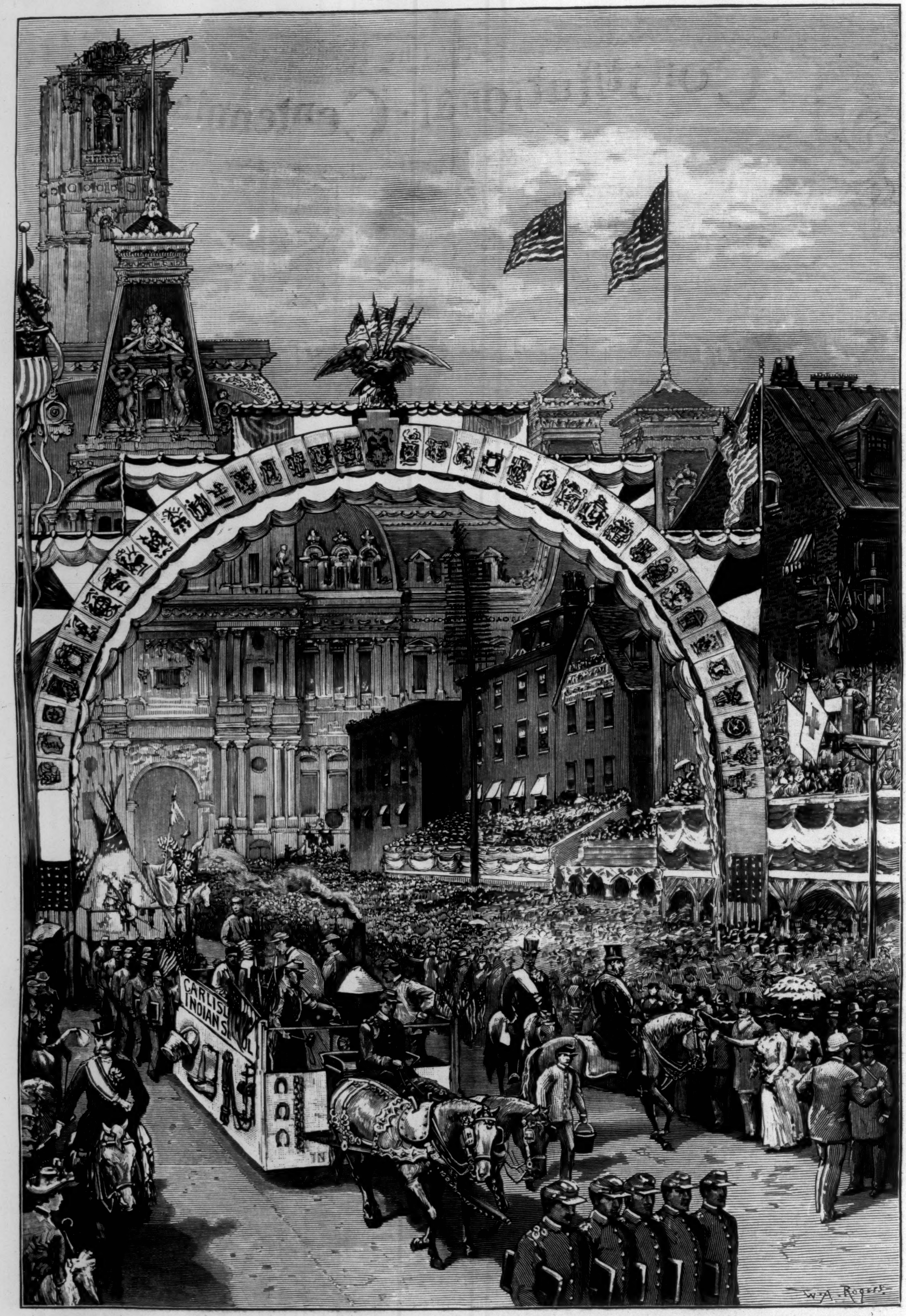
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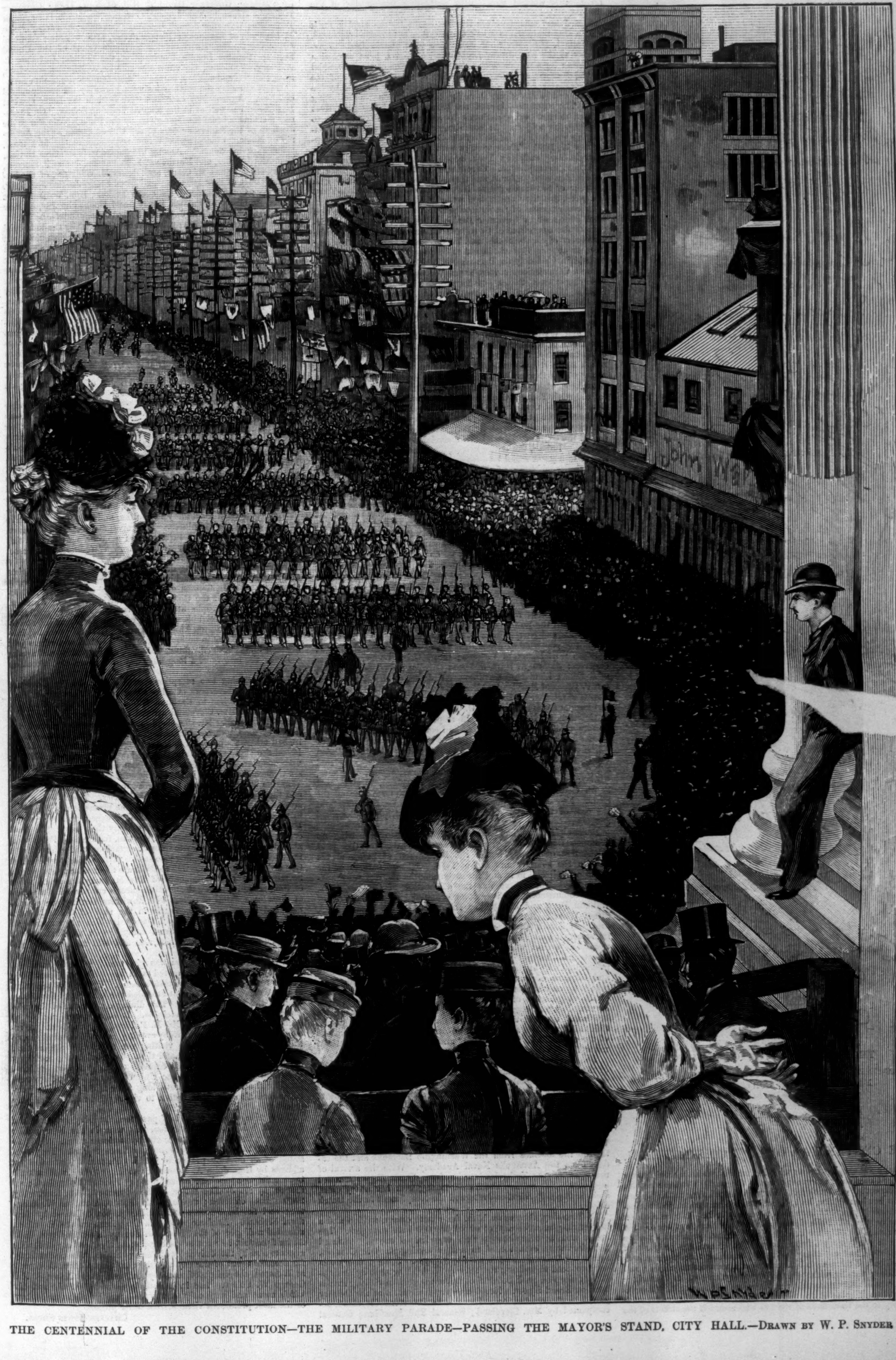
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